

PUCK

The Heart of Iris

Episode I

"To France I'm called," the fateful message read.
And Iris knew that she had given her all
That day she bade her lover take up arms—
That day when she had heard her country's call,
And answered it unflinchingly.

"To France I'm called"; tears blur the cruel
That spell a sacrifice so great for one
Who gave thus freely of the love she bore;
That Peace, however dearly, might be won—
But in the victory, he may fall.



A NOISELESS motor car body is surely indicative of good engineering and workmanship.

Rattle or squeak, developing after your car has been in use for a short time, detract greatly from your own satisfaction and from the pleasure the car should give those who ride with you.

Fisher Bodies

open, closed and convertible, are built in wide variety to the order of such discriminating manufacturers as Buick, Cadillac, Chalmers, Chandler, Ford, Hudson and Maxwell, and can be bought only as parts of completed motor cars.

These bodies have shown their ability to equal or surpass in service-giving durability the respective chassis on which they are mounted.

Because they have proven this ability, Fisher Bodies have made their manufacturer the world's greatest builder of motor car bodies.

Fisher Body Corporation
Detroit - Michigan



My Dear!

There's one thing you really must do before you leave for the South—subscribe for the new PUCK.

It's simply wonderful. You never saw such stage pictures. Pages and pages of 'em. Pretty? Why, my dear, pretty isn't the word for it. Delicious, absolutely delicious.

And the cartoons and funny drawings and the quaint kind of satirical essays. So timely, you know. PUCK makes fun of everything that's going on. It's quite an education.

I've subscribed for Reggie, at Spartanburg, and he is tickled beyond words—except that he can't get his copy away from the other men. They all say PUCK is the most amusing magazine in camp.

DO send Puck every fortnight to some soldier. It will give him such a good laugh. And it's only \$2.50 for a whole year.

"Brighten the Corner Where You Are"



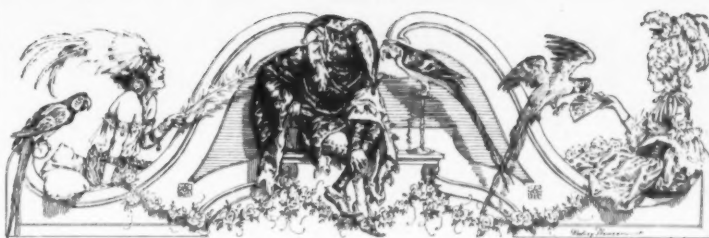
X55—"Lots of Pep"

Where are you? No matter. Whether you're in a bomb-proof somewhere in France, or in a training camp in the States, whether you inhabit an Iceland igloo or a brownstone front, brighten your particular corner. And brighten it with *Pictures from Puck*.

Pictures from Puck are nature's best and brightest little brighteners. Hang a few around and they will drive away the blues. Pictures from Puck are beautifully printed in many colors on fine paper. There is no advertising on them. In size they average 9 x 12 inches. They cost only 25 cents each, post-paid, or five for one dollar.

Our new, profusely illustrated catalog sent free on receipt of postage.

Puck Print Department
119 West 40th Street, New York City



PUCK

Copyright, 1918, by International Magazine Company

Vol. LXXXII—No. 2112

January 5, 1918



PUCK enters with this number upon a stage of its career in which it is confidently hoped to erect upon the substantial groundwork offered by the oldest satirical journal in America an entirely new and novel structure in our journalism.

As we reflect upon the nearly five decades during which this Puck has so well served a laughter-loving circle of friends, we are moved to hearken back to Puck of old, as he cried,

"I am that merry wanderer of the night—
I jest at Oberon, and make him smile,
When I a fat and bean-fed horse beguile,
Neighing in likeness of a filly foal:
And sometimes lurk I in a gossip's bowl,
In very likeness of a roasted crab;
And when she drinks, against her lips I bob,
And on her wither'd dewlap pour the ale."

After all, the new Puck must inevitably be a matter of evolution, yet the number before you may be accepted as a foretaste of the issues to come, bettered artistically and mechanically, strengthened in every department where foresight, editorial enterprise and the resources of a powerful organization may be employed to the reader's advantage.

A Glance Ahead



STEPHEN LEACOCK is scheduled for one of his inimitable short stories in the next number of PUCK. Dr. Leacock has made a remarkable war discovery, a really revolutionary study in personal economics, and with his characteristic brilliancy he gives the readers of PUCK the benefit of his researches along this new avenue of thought.

George Jean Nathan, by general acclaim acknowledged America's leading satirist, will be represented in each number with a barrage of rapid fire comment on the fads, fancies and foibles of the moment—chiefly as they find expression along the "Drear Dark Way."

Alan Dale is going to send his card—engraved—in to a carefully chosen list of theatrical celebrities—principally of the gentler sex,—and while he entices them into an informal patter, a photographer, cleverly hidden behind a screen, but armed with a periscope, plans to catch them in a series of un-posey attitudes.

K. C. B., master of broken English, presides over the editorial page, and we feel certain, in claiming for PUCK the most unusual page of its character in print, that we are stating the fact mildly. Louis Raemaekers, unquestionably the greatest cartoonist developed by the war, contributes to the next number one of the strongest pictures he has done during his sojourn in this country, "And Judas Saw What He Had Done!"

G. L. WILLSON, President

S. S. CARVALHO, Treasurer

W. G. LANGDON, Secretary, 119 West 40th Street, New York

10 cents a copy

\$2.50 per year

(Trade-Mark Registered in the United States and Great Britain)

PUBLISHERS' NOTICE: PUCK is published the 5th and 20th of each month (on sale five days preceding the date) by INTERNATIONAL MAGAZINE COMPANY. Entered at New York Post Office as Second-Class Mail Matter.

PUCK is mailed to subscribers at \$2.50 per year or \$1.25 for six months. Canadian subscriptions, \$2.75 per year, \$1.50 for six months. Foreign, \$3.00 per year, \$1.50 for six months.

Address all Communications:

PUCK

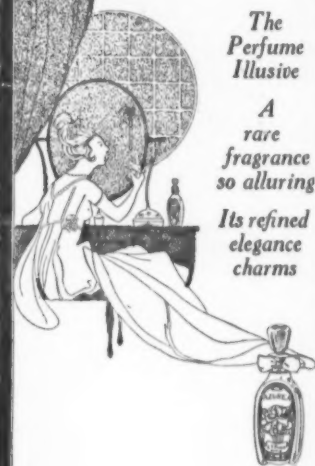
119 WEST FORTIETH STREET

NEW YORK CITY

AZUREA

The
Perfume
Illusive

A
rare
fragrance
so alluring
Its refined
elegance
charms



A generous sample
of AZUREA Perfume,
Face Powder & Sachet
Powder will be sent
upon receipt of 10c

L.T. PIVER
PARIS (France)

Chas Baez

SOLE AGENT FOR U.S. & CANADA
DEPT. (P.)
24 E. 22ND ST.,
NEW YORK CITY

On Scout Duty in Training Camp

—while reconnoitering or on advance guard duty in unfamiliar or wooded country, it is absolutely essential for the soldier to carry an accurate

LEEDAWL COMPASS

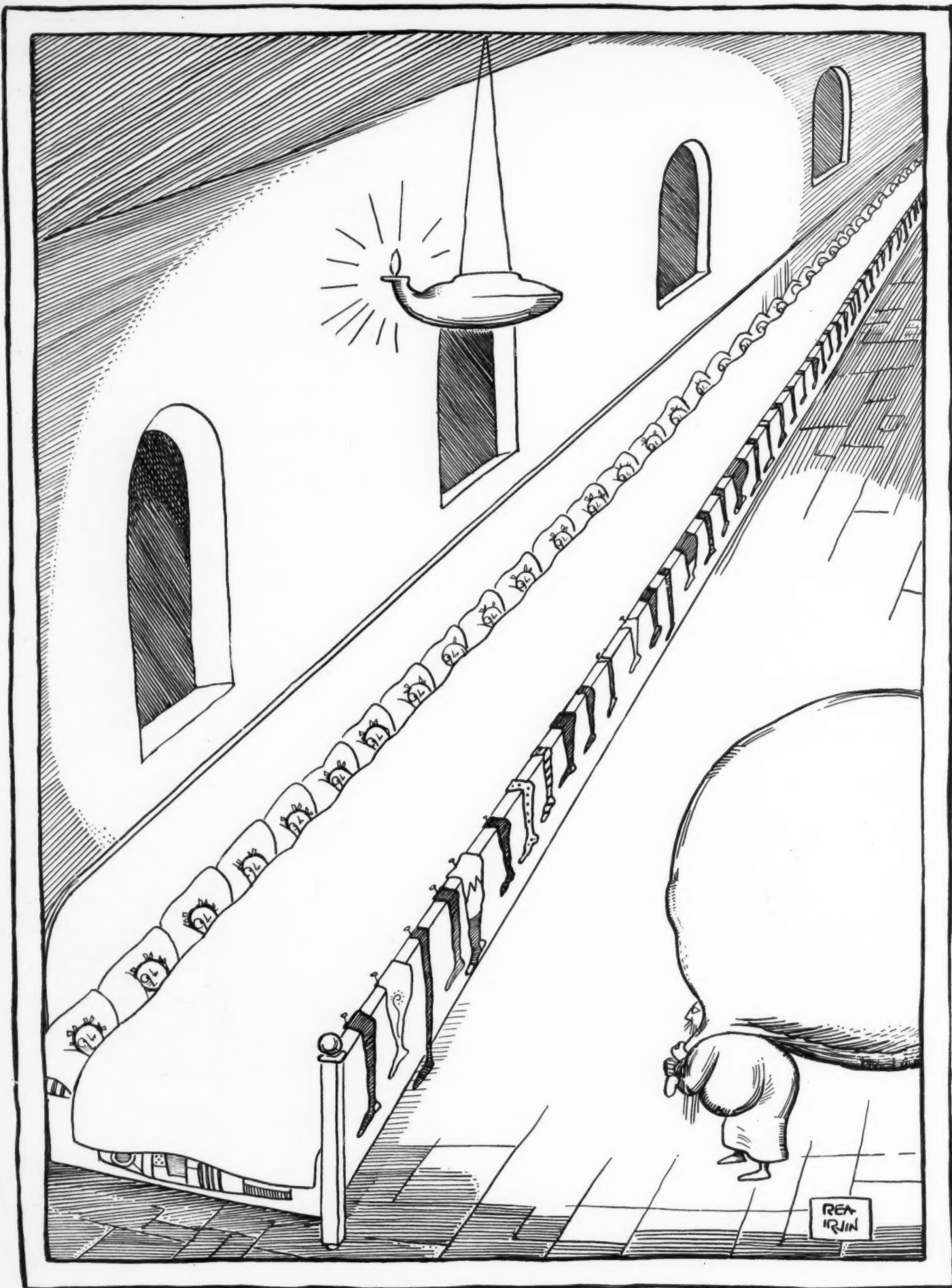
A masterpiece in compass construction, guaranteed reliable by the world's largest makers of scientific instruments. Untarnishable silvered dial, tempered steel point, moisture- and dust-proof screw top, untarnishable white metal case, snap-in beveled crystal glass—exclusive features that cannot be found in any other compass selling at \$1.25.

At your dealer's or order direct from

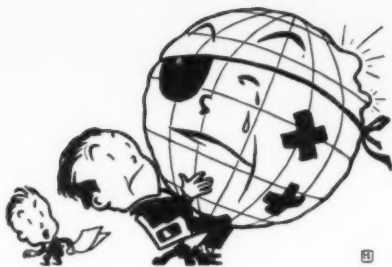
Taylor Instrument Companies
ROCHESTER, NEW YORK

\$1.25

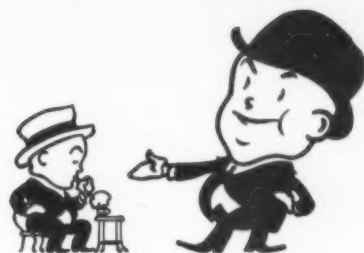




King Solomon Returneth Home Christmas Eve and Findeth Many Generous Stockings to Fill



PUCK



On the Other Hand

by K. C. B.

THIS IS my first attempt.
AT WRITING editorials.
IN RAG-TIME.
FOR PUCK.
AND **W**HEN I sat down.
AT MY desk.
I SAID to myself.
"WHATEVER you do.
"CHOOSE A big subject.
"FOR A beginning."
AND **O**F all the big things.
THAT I know of.
THE **W**ORLD.
IS **T**HE biggest.
AND **I**'VE taken that.
AND **H**ERE I am.
WITH **T**HE world.
FLOUNDERING around.
INTO MY lap.
AND **I** look at it.
AND **T**HE first thought.
THAT **C**OMES to my mind.
IS **T**HE memory.
OF A Fourth of July.
WHEN A small boy.
DROPPED A piece of punk.
RIGHT **I**N the midst.
OF **A**LL our fireworks.
AND **F**OR a little while.
ALL **W**AS excitement.
AND confusion.
AND **R**OMAN candles.
AND **S**KY rockets.
AND **C**ANNON crackers.



AND **W**OMEN screaming.
AND then.
IT **W**AS quiet.
AND **W**E all went back.
TO **T**HE "No Man's Land."
WHERE **I**T had happened.
AND **T**HE lawn.
HAD **B**EEN burned way.
TO **I**TS roots.
AND **W**E were sad.
AND **T**HEN I remember.
THAT **W**E got a rake.
AND **D**ROPPED some seed.
AND **T**HAT night.
THE **K**IND rains came.
AND **I**N a little while.
THERE was grass.
WHERE **T**HE ruin had been.
AND **I**N the meantime.
WE'D **C**AUGHT the boy.



WHO dropped the punk.
AND afterwards.
ON **O**UR Fourths of July.
WE **K**EPT our fireworks.
SCATTERED about.
SO **T**HAT no one place.
WAS A danger spot.
AND **I** pick up the world.
FROM MY lap.
AND **T**URN it around.
AND **L**OOK upon Europe.
AND pray.
THAT **I**T won't be long.
ERE **T**HEY catch the boy.
WHO dropped the punk.
ON **T**HAT part of the world.

IF **I**T wasn't.
THAT **I** wrote it myself.
I **W**OULDN'T have any idea.
WHAT **I**T'S about.

AND **T**HAT'LL be all.
ABOUT the world.

SUPPOSE for instance.
THAT **I**T lasts so long.
THAT **A**LL the metal.
WILL **B**E used up.
WHAT **D**O you think.
WILL happen.
WHEN that New York regiment.
OF Irishmen.
FROM **T**HE West Side.
DROPS **I**NTO a town.
THAT'S **B**EEN shot up.
AND **T**HERE'S nothing laying around.
BUT loose bricks.

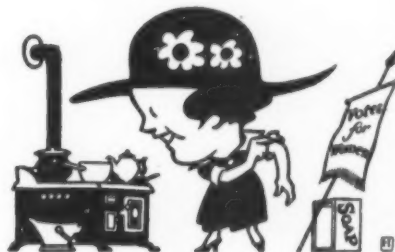
AND that'll be all.
ABOUT the war.

EXCEPTING this.
THAT **W**HEN it's over.
AND **W**E've discovered.
THAT A little time.
IN A training camp.
WILL **S**QUARE a man's shoulders.
AND **B**RIGHTEEN his eyes.
AND **F**ILL out his chest.
THAT maybe.
WE'LL **S**TART a new breed.
OF **H**UMAN beings.

AND **B**Y that time.
IT'S **M**ORE than likely.
THAT John Barleycorn.
WILL have gone.
AND **T**HE boys.
THAT **C**OME after us.
WON'T know.
THAT **H**E ever existed.
AND **A**FTER a while.
THE American man.
WILL **P**OINT to his son.
WITH **A**S great a pride.
AS **H**E points to his horse.
AND **I**TS silver cup.

AND now.
WHAT'LL we write about?

OH, yes!
AND **I**F the women.
THE **T**WO million women.
OF **N**EW **Y**ORK state.
WHO **A**RE going to vote.
WILL **G**O right on.
JUST **B**EING women.
AND **L**OVING us.
AND **M**ARRYING us.
AND **Q**UARRRELING with us.
ABOUT **L**ITTLE things.
AND **G**ETTING over it.
AND **K**ISSING us.
AND **B**EING proud of us.
WHEN **W**E deserve it.



AND scolding us.
WHEN **W**E need it.
IF **T**HEY'LL do that.
AND **W**ON'T forget.
THAT **T**HAT'S the reason.
WE **L**OVE them.
IM sure.
WE'LL **G**O right on.
LOVING each other.
AND **T**HE women.
WITH **T**HEIR votes.
WILL **M**AKE it easier.
FOR **T**HE wild ones.
TO **G**ET home nights.
SEE **I**F **T**HEY don't.
AND **W**E'LL be better.
AND happier.
AND everything.
AND **T**HAT'LL be all.
ABOUT the women.



If you think the conservation of the silk supply demands scantier costumes, picket "Flo" Ziegfeld. The envelope contains all the costumes of his new show.



If Miss Bridget O'Hara's munition engagements permit, you might picket her—but you won't get her to preside over the kitchen range until after the war.



If your Mother-in-law upsets your domestic bliss, picket General Crowther to have her included in the next draft.



A movement to picket Midas J. Croesus, the movie magnate, in behalf of long-haired male vamps, died an incipient death in Mr. Croesus's outer office.



If your wife prefers her club to your fireside, get a few banners together and tell the Madame President of the Club de Cinq about it. She may snuff the samovar earlier in the afternoons.

If You Don't Get What You Want, Picket!

by TONY SARG

The Newer Æsop

Fabled by GEORGE S. CHAPPELL

Pictured by WILLIAM HOGARTH, JR.



The Cock and the Jewel

A GALLIC Cock, alert and proud,
Led forth his wives in cackling crowd
For whom, with contumelious claw,
He scratched the glittering barnyard straw.
What is the Trophy he has found?
The eager Hens at once surround
Their lord who plucks from out the dust
An Iron Cross, all red with rust.
"My dears," says Cynic Chanticleer,
"The bauble which I show you here
Belonged, as you may well recall,
To Pig, whom Master killed last fall.
Poor pig, he thought himself to deck,
But only got it in the neck,
A sad reward, which he thought big,
For being such a perfect pig!—
T'was all he left, and, now he's gone
It isn't worth a grain of corn."

MORAL

All pigs who crosses choose to wear
May find them sometime hard to bear.



The Fisherman Piping

MY Uncle Sam, a quaint old soul,
One day took down his fishing pole.
"Where are you going, Unc?" said I.
Said he, "I want an army pie,
"I ain't had one for forty years;
"I'm goin' to ketch some volunteers."
"And what," I asked, "do you find best
"For bait?" He smiled, in kindly jest;
"Why this," and showed a tiny flute,
On which he blew a playful toot—
"I'll play 'em 'Yankee Doodle,' see?
"They'll come a-runnin' son," says he.
All day my Uncle paced the strand
And blew till he could hardly stand.
Alas! No fish—not even one—
Would change the water for the sun.
"Now, drat the things," said Uncle; "Get
"Me quick my new Conscription-net."
Whew! What a catch; the shore was bright
With fish who danced with all their might.
"That's right," said Uncle with a smile;
"Now dance; the band kin rest a while."

Discipline à la Russe



OUR captain has a notion queer
That sailors ought to sail the sea.
The silly thing!—to interfere
Just when we'd come ashore for tea.

Strategy



MY dear, did you hear
What the Germans have done!
They have mobilized mice
And I know I shall run

Camouflage



TO charity I give each day a nickel or a dime,
Which makes it quite all right to say
To Red Cross people, "Go away.
I'm giving all the time."

Not On the Program

by GEORGE JEAN NATHAN



9:01 P.M.

The Vaudeville Sketch

Illustrated by Agnes Lee



9:03 P.M.

SCENE: *The home of John D. Morgan, a millionaire.*

9 P.M.—Curtain rises disclosing a room with green walls, purple velvet portières, red upholstered chairs, a bird's-eye maple piano, and a gilt centre table with a small orange-shaded lamp.

9:01 P.M.—Enter burglar who stealthily turns out the light in the small lamp and then prowls around with a pocket flash that makes twice as much light.

9:03 P.M.—Loud footsteps heard. Burglar hides in closet at L 2. The small lamp is flashed on and audience sees another burglar who then again cautiously turns out the lamp and prowls around with a doubly powerful pocket flashlight.

9:05 P.M.—Noise heard at window. Burglar hides in closet at R 2. The small lamp is flashed on and the audience sees another burglar who warily turns out the lamp once again and prowls around with an almost blinding pocket flashlight.

9:08 P.M.—Sound of someone coming. Burglar hides under table C. The small lamp is flashed on and audience sees a girl in a salmon pink dress and pale blue stockings and slippers who turns out the lamp and presently screams. The audience hears sounds of a gigantic struggle on the darkened stage.

9:12 P.M.—Sound of the door being battered in. Also, though there was no glass in the door, a great noise of shattered glass.

9:13 P.M.—The small lamp is turned up again.

9:13½ P.M.—The audience beholds two policemen covering the three burglars with revolvers while the girl stands crouched beside the piano.

9:14 P.M.—The first burglar pulls off *his* cap, announces that he is none other than Dick Maynard, of the United States Secret Service, and that he came to Morgan's house to trap the girl who, though posing as a member

announces that he is none other than John D. Morgan himself and that he came to trap the second secret service agent who is in reality a confederate of Red Nellie.

9:17 P.M.—Red Nellie pulls off *her* wig, announces that she is none other than Sally O'Brien, a private detective, and that she came to trap Morgan who was suspected of attempting to rob his own house.



9:05 P.M.

of the Morgan household, is in reality Red Nellie, the Harlem safe-cracker.

9:15 P.M.—The second burglar pulls off *his* cap, announces that he is none other than Bob Blaisdell, of the United States Secret Service, and that he came to trap the first secret service agent who was suspected by the Chief of being crooked.

9:16 P.M.—The third burglar pulls off *his* cap,

9:18 P.M.—The two policemen pull off *their* false beards, announce that they are, respectively, John D. Morgan and his son, John D. Morgan, Jr., and that they now at length have the four notorious crooks—the three men and the woman—cornered!

9:18½ P.M.—The stage-hand pulls down the curtain.

9:18¾ P.M.—The audience pulls off the wrappers of its Tutti-Frutti and gets ready for the classic dancers.

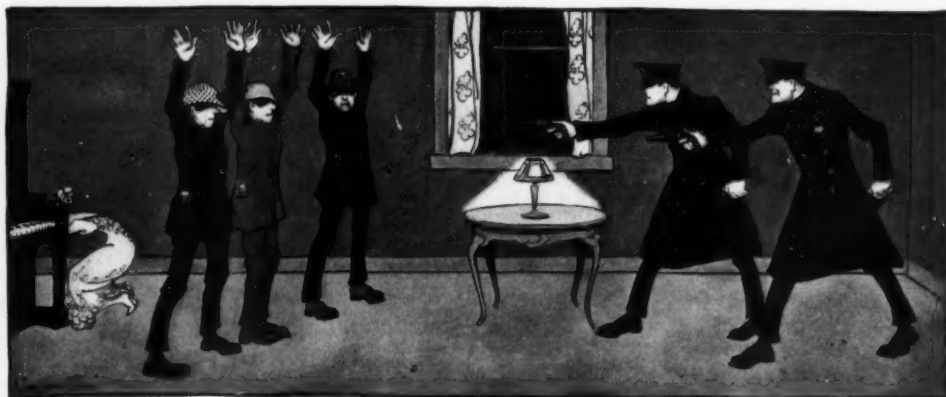
Aisle Seats

Moving Picture Axiom—Any man who wears his shirt buttoned at the neck is a villain.

Chorus Man—One whose mother and father had prayed for a boy.

Usher—A theatrical employe who takes the seat coupon from the theater-goer, walks down the aisle and points out a seat, which, in the interesting part of the first act is discovered to belong to someone else.

Kiss—That moment in a comedy when two young lovers are interrupted by the entrance of one of the other characters, who gives a little cough and then tiptoes out of the room with exaggerated steps.



9:13¼ P.M.

The Theatregoer's Efficiency Table

OUR periodicals and newspapers have lately been publishing so-called efficiency tables from a study of which the business man may deduce for himself the relative quality of



TEST I

his personal utility. The method for the determination of one's efficiency is to answer to oneself honestly the various questions and then check up the number of yeses. If the man finds that he has answered three-quarters of the questions in the affirmative, he may regard himself, so the statisticians tell us, as an efficient fellow and may thereupon go out and buy himself a drink. That this excellent and fruity system may be extended to still further fields, we present herewith a table whereby a man may determine, by following a similar course—save to a substitute a “no” for a “yes”—his relative right to regard himself as an efficient theatregoer.

The Table of Tests

I.—Can you adjust your hat in the holders under the seats of the Bandbox Theatre without dislocating (1) the cervical vertebrae or (2) the medulla oblongata?

II.—Upon endeavoring to re-enter a theatre after an entr'acte, do you loudly accuse the doorman of having failed to give you a return check—only to locate the check, when you get



TEST VI

home and begin undressing, in a hitherto undiscovered and unsuspected pocket of your waistcoat?

III.—Have you ever failed to figure out, at five minutes past nine, exactly how a play by Owen Davis was going to end?

IV.—Upon being told by the man in the box-office that you can have a seat in the front

row for this or that musical comedy and thereupon being greatly elated, have you ever once found that the seat was not directly next to the bass-drum?

V.—Have you ever, desiring particularly for certain personal reasons not to be seen, waited until the lights went down before sneaking to your seat on the aisle in one of the first three rows and then, breathing a deep sigh of security, two minutes afterward had the usher, in showing a late comer to his pew, brilliantly illuminate your face with her pocket flashlight?

VI.—Have you ever dropped a dime into the little slot machine on the back of the seat in front of you to get a box of chocolates and not got a box of hard pink candies?

VII.—Have you ever wondered where Hilda Spong got that last name?

VIII.—Have you ever encountered a theatre orchestra that did not play Dvorak's “Humoresque”?

IX.—Have you ever failed to pull the little El Bart Gin sticker out of your program and throw it on the floor?



TEST V

X.—Can you pronounce the first names of the two Dolly Sisters?

XI.—Have you ever been able to laugh at Snitz Edwards?

XII.—Have you ever seen a play in which an actor playing the rôle of a young college man did not interpret the rôle chiefly by running about the stage instead of walking?

XIII.—Have you ever seen a male usher smile?

XIV.—Can you see Justine Johnstone from the tenth row as well as you'd like to?

XV.—Or from the fifth row?

XVI.—Or from the first row?

Satire

The new battleship trembled in the ways, ready to glide into the sea.

The girl cracked a bottle of champagne over its bow and said: “I christen thee—‘Kansas.’”

Technique

The star actor, unable to restrain his mirth at the astounding satin decollété worn by his leading woman in the scene where she, a street waif, pleads with him to give her a farthing, that she and her widowed mother may not

starve, turned his back to the audience. So uncontrollable were his chuckles that his shoulders heaved up and down, and his head shook, and his neck got red, and his eyes watered.



TEST IV

“A master of the acting technique,” thought the audience. “How wonderfully he expresses the emotional outburst of grief!”

“We Point with Pride”

From the so-called “Artists' Forum” in the vaudeville gazette known as “Variety,” my valet Tewksbury has culled me the following communiqué:

EDITOR VARIETY:

Variety said in a review of Duffy and Inglis they are doing something new (wearing Palm Beach suits and plug hats).

I also noticed Harry Syddell claims he has been wearing same for the past seven months.

I have been using this makeup (Palm Beach suit and plug hat) since April 5, 1916. It is a situation in my act and Variety is at liberty to open the manuscript which I sent to its Protected Material Department.

My act is booked to appear in New York and I take this means to prove I was the first one to introduce this style of makeup in vaudeville.

Burt Mel-Burne.

(Mr. and Mrs. Mel-Burne)

I have instructed the good Tewksbury to look carefully next week for a letter from some

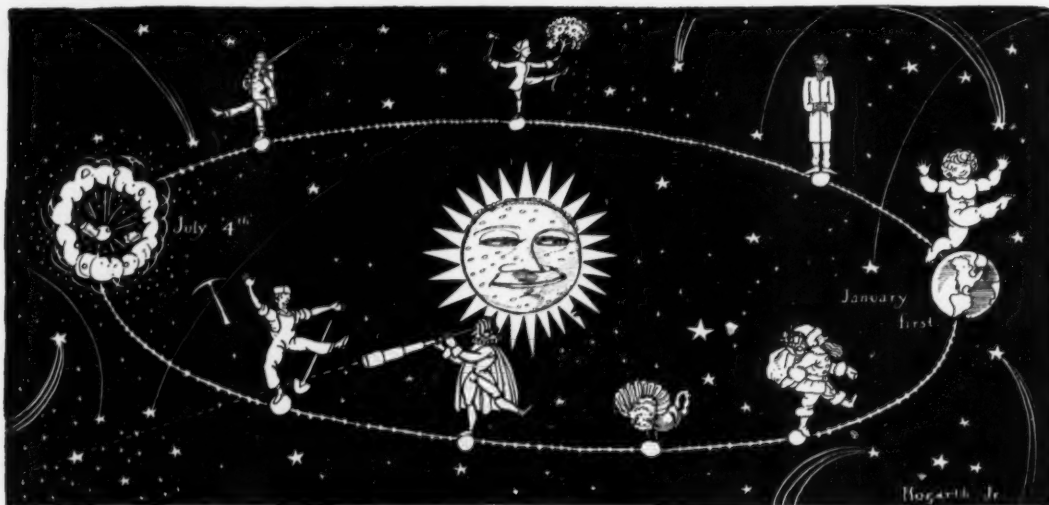


TEST IX

vaudeville artist boasting with pardonable pride that he has a peculiarly violent case of shingles.

A melodrama is a form of entertainment the drive of which is warmly directed against the seat of the emotions. The definition of a burlesque show, if you care to dispatch it by telegraph, may be sent at a saving of three words.

On Holidays in General—Particularly New Year's



by GEORGE S. CHAPPELL



I AM worried about our holidays. As Hamlet said, "There is something floeey in the state of Denmark." They need bolstering-up, re-juvenating, more pep and less pip, as it were. This is a cataclysmic period, to be sure, but after all isn't now just the time to stand together and preserve at least our traditions? For they are wonderful things, holidays. Look over your calendar some day. What gives it its brightness and cheer if it isn't the days marked with red letters? To quote Aloysius M. Gurk, the Greenwich-Village bard:

"They stick out of the days between
Like bumps on Time's refulgent bean."

And every little bump has a meaning all its own. Fourth of July, Xmas, the birthdays of Georga-da-Wash and Aba-da-Link—each one is a page of world's history. Even Labor Day has a reverse-English significance, because on that day everybody loafs, or goes motoring or tatting, or something.

To be quite frank, I have an innate fondness for holidays. I'm funny that way. Most people, I think, are bored by them, or pretend to be. "Heigh-ho," they say, "Thanksgiving to-morrow," and stretch and look doleful as if it were all such an old story and they were not simply panting for the annual gorge. But I have yet to see the holiday I would not meet more than half-way, regardless of its race, creed or color. Why, I went to the Manchester Fair, over the Michelmas Bank Holidays, and got my leg caught in the balloon-rope just as natural as if I had lived in England all my life, and as for the Quatorze Juillet in Paris, I couldn't have sung the Mayonnaise any louder if my entire family had just escaped from the Bastille. Even here at home I always make a particular point of observing the great Yiddish festivals of Ham Kippered and Roast Hash. A man must not be

narrow. A woman, yes—but a man should be broad and big, as I am, and gaining weight steadily.

One of my most cherished memories is that of a calendar I had back in my mad, bad salad-days—when the salads were bad enough to drive *anyone* mad. It was a most diverting affair, with a leaf for each day, labeled "This day one hundred years ago." The opportunities it offered for celebrating were simply gorgeous. The dinner that was pulled off at the Tour d'Argent to commemorate the Discovery of the Bay of Biscay lasted for two days and was, I feel sure, a contributory cause to the subsequent break-up of good old Frederique. Of course it was utterly impossible to live up to such a schedule. I kept missing great stirring dates. Just as I was getting over the Invention of Printing by Gutenberg, I would find I had failed to even notice the Introduction of Tobacco to Queen Elizabeth. I had a hopeless, out-of-it feeling such as I imagine an Erie conductor must experience when he reads a time-table. I did my best until the end of the year—after all the calendar was a family-gift—and then, following three weeks in a Sanitarium at Neuilly, I fell back on the more generally accepted occasions, a policy which has been, on the whole, beneficial.

And taking the entire list of usual or orthodox feast-days I wish to state right here that I think a grave injustice has been done, and *is* being done to the greatest of them all, New Year's Day. Why, it has practically no honor at all; it is considered a sort of post-

script to Xmas, a day of Atonement to mark not the beginning of a good time but the end of one. It could be symbolized by an infant with a headache and cold feet. This is all wrong.

Consider, for a moment, its extraordinary character of New Year's Day—and I think you will agree with me that it deserves more credit than any of them, and they all deserve lots, bless the little dears. First, its anonymity. It toils not, neither does it golf. Usually it just snows or slushes. But there it stands, right in the front row, a perfectly whopping monument, meaning absolutely nothing. It is there because it was put there, voila tout. But did you ever think how grandly its arbitrary character represents the power of the will of man? No—you did not. Well, it does. New Year's day might just as well have come any other time—April Fool's Day or September Morn—but young Tiberius Calendrius, who wrote the calendar, said "No, this is where we start."

To me that event was big with importance, the first manifestation of the modern spirit, which has crystallized in the slogan, "let's start something." I can see the picture, framed in a narrow-chested Roman flat; the Committee of graybeards sitting at the Tabularium (table) with their scrollii (scrolls) in, with the ablative, fistibus (in hand), the sudden entrance of young Calendrius and his grim pronouncement, "Gentii, omnia ab est; oingus frigidis; ecce dopus!" (Gents, it's all off; your stuff is cold; here is the dope!)

Of course it takes some Latin to see a picture like that, but what a picture it is when you see it, and incidentally what an argument for the classics—

'Alas! a lot of water has flowed under the bridge since Hannibal crossed the Rubicon, until even the dates have become complicated. But I find a singular charm in the thought of those primitive times. Must it not have been rather jolly, for instance, to hear the students of the gladiatorial college rolling home through the forum after the big

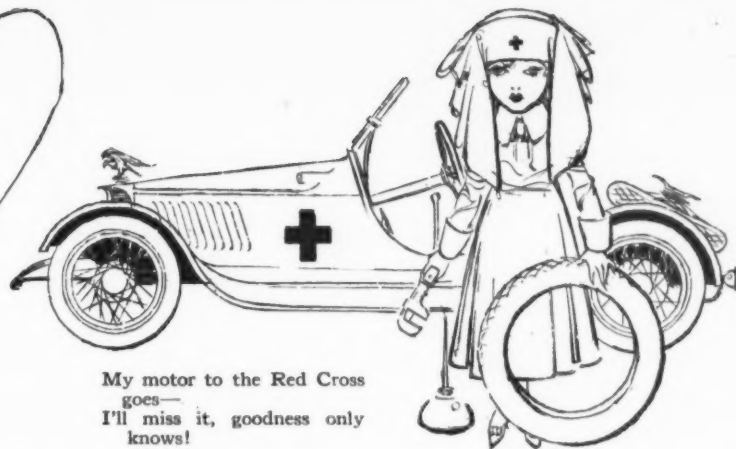
(Continued on page 32)



Drawings by
Gustav Michelson



Of fish three days a week
I'll eat—
We really must conserve
our meat.



My motor to the Red Cross
goes—
I'll miss it, goodness only
knows!



For this New Year I
now prepare
To "do my bit" in my
own way;
My conscience calls for
measures stern—
So six resolves I make
this day.



My candy to the front
I'll send;
On no more sweets my
funds I'll spend.

Resolute Resolutions



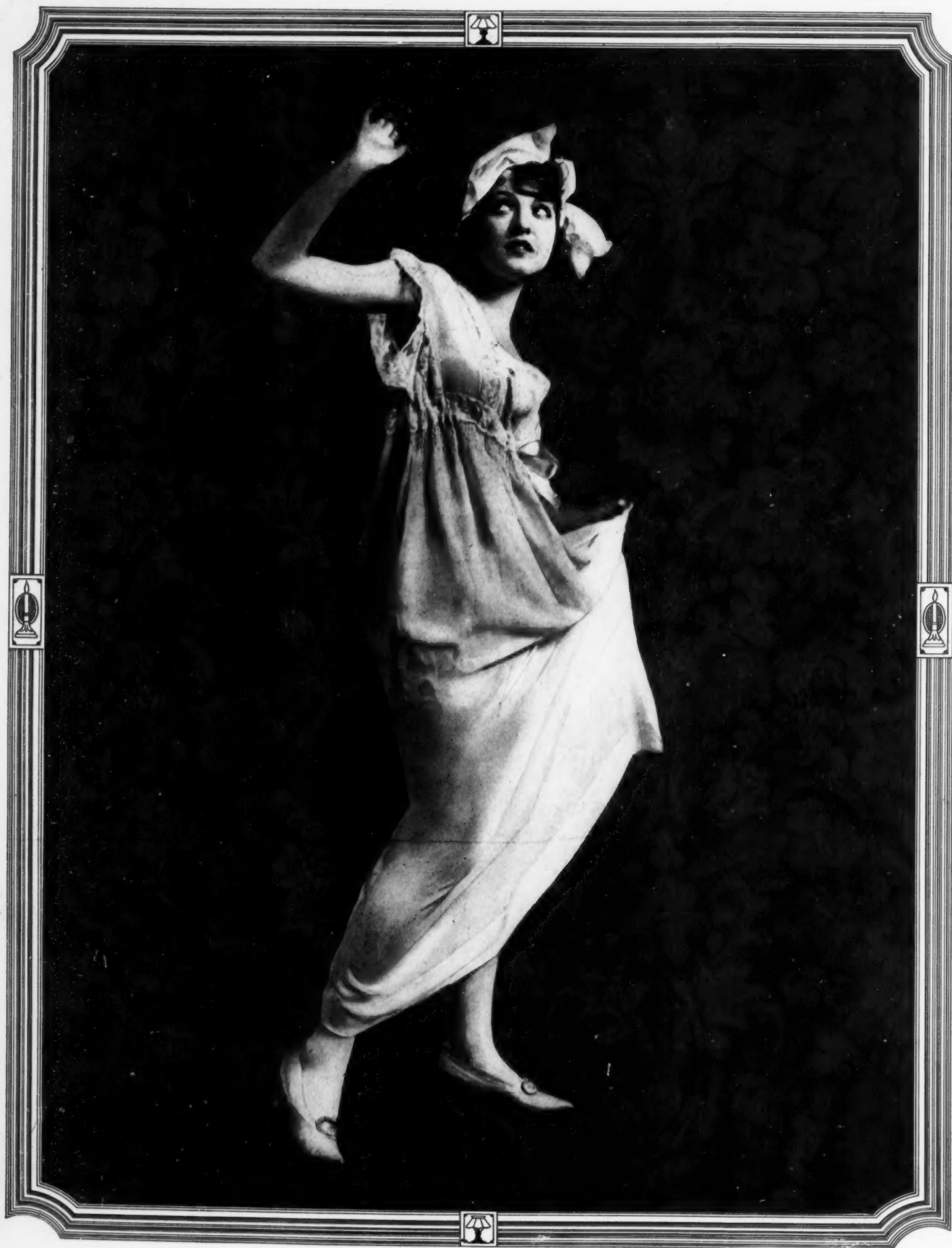
My frivolous friends I'll see
no more—
Of war-time fun I've had my
store.



Long letters to our men I'll
write,
To cheer them in their spunky
fight.



And then I'll take war babies
four
And care for them forever
more.



Miss Muriel Martin
of "The Midnight Frolic"

Some Stars Shine Brightest

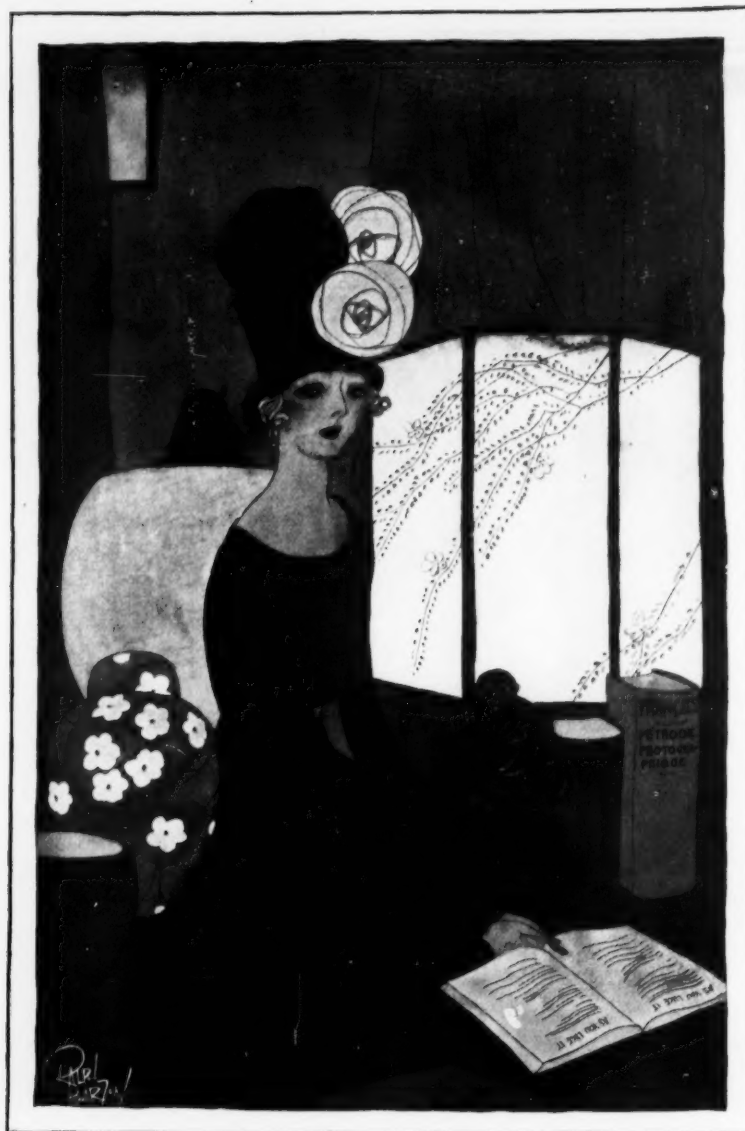


at the Midnight Hour

Miss Eleanor Dell
of "The Midnight Frolic"

for January 5, 1918

"The irony of visiting Miss Claire and then looking at the park!"



Drawn from Life
by
RALPH BARTON

Polly Reveals Her Present

An Interview with Miss Ina Claire

by ALAN DALE

I ALWAYS look upon a dog-less, mother-less chat with an agreeable feminine stage personality as most rare and enjoyable. It is only when mother and the puppy yelp—at least the puppy yelps—at me that I grow self-conscious, and “not quite myself,” and the full savor of my charming subject eludes me. Still, while one can, if necessary, suppress the exultant cur, it is almost impossible to squelch mother, who is usually there—well, because she is there.

It was in a state of perfectly delightful bereavement that I found Miss Ina Claire, alone in the bright, glad sunshine of her apartment, “overlooking the park.” (The irony of such an idea as that of visiting Miss Claire, and then looking at the park!) There was sound neither of mommer, nor dog. All was silent, save for the murmured words of the “maid” who was, thank goodness, not French. Had she been French, she would have worn the cunning short skirt, and the embroidered apron that the French maid never wears in France. This maid merely begged me to wait. And as there were no comic papers to read—I mean

the papers one discovers *chez* the dentist or the barber—I just waited.

When Miss Claire appeared, she was pleasantly attired in black—not the ruined kind, but just furtively elusive black—supplemented by a pretty hat, with a lump of pink in front. Although at home, Miss Claire wore this hat. I don’t know whether she believed that it was more becoming than no hat at all, or whether it was merely a hint that I need not stay too long. (Oh, I’m awfully sensitive.)

She is a singularly attractive girl, of the Englishly pretty style—nothing frightfully *chic*, or aggressively “good form” about this little actress. She sat directly in front of me, so that the sun could shine on her perfectly unabashed face—daring the sun to do its worst—and plied me with smoking receptacles.

“Smoke” she said archly; “I love it when a man’s around.”

Sweet little Ina! I thought that remark so

dainty and wistful that my heart went out to her. These stage recluses see so few men. I gave her every opportunity to revel in me.

“Now don’t you dare to say that I’ve set the stage for this,” she said girlishly, as though she really knew me, and my horrid ways. “I have done nothing of the sort. That book”—pointing to a volume on acting—“was not placed there just because you were coming. This room was not made untidy, so that it could look ‘home-like’ and ‘cosy.’ Nor do I say—mark this—that I am tremendously frightened. I am not.”

No, she was not. A clinging kimono would have given me courage, and made me feel easier. Miss Claire however, evidently despised the conventional. I liked her for that.

“I want to tell you one thing,” she remarked smoothly. “I may be a siren on the stage, but I am not a bad woman.”

She watched me as she uttered these portentous words, and for a moment, I was startled. I always introduce the sex topic bashfully.

Miss Claire's imitation of Nijinski
in "L'Après-midi d'un Faune"



"No, really," she went on. "You may think me very realistic in 'Polly,' but I am merely imitating. I was most annoyed the other night, when some horrible person suggested that my realism was a trifle too realistic! I am naturally a mimic, and I am just playing the siren as I believe she should be played."

"Why are sirens always French?" I asked rather peevishly. It is so silly! It is so rough on France."

"Oh," she replied, "They've got to be French. They must live up to the traditions. Everybody believes that they are more dangerous in a foreign atmosphere, and perhaps they are. Do you like my French accent?"

"It is the real thing," I replied. It is.

"I acquired it from the English and Americans in Paris," she remarked. "I have always been in Paris during the month of August when there are no French people there. But I pick up accents easily, because I am a mimic. After I had been in London two weeks, I acquired such an English accent that everybody thought I was posing."

Mea culpa! I think I even wrote that. A slight flush of embarrassment mounted to my alabaster forehead. It was due to the sense of guilt. Miss Claire (I fancied) smiled, and I—I changed the subject.

"How do you like David Belasco? Does he knock you about, or pull out your hair by the roots?" (I asked this quickly, to get away from the noxious topic of her English accent.)

"Oh, he's so sweet," she murmured. "He is psychic. Now, I made up my mind that I'd write down all the instructions he gave me, and use them during the rest of my career. I bought a cute little book for that express purpose. Would you believe it? He never told me anything that I could write down. He never uttered one dogma. All he did was to let me act in my own way, and then tell me his."

Sweet David Belasco! How he does appeal to all these artless girls, by the saccharine simplicity of his methods!

"After the first rehearsal of 'Polly' as it was originally written," she said, "Mr. Belasco asked us all to lunch, and during that lunch, he never addressed one word to any of us. He seemed disgusted. I was so uncomfortable, that I said to myself 'Even if I lose my job, I must say something or scream.' So I went up to him and said gently: 'Were we as bad as all that?' That seemed to amuse him. His eyes twinkled; the ice was broken, and we were pals. He is such a dear."

"I am so glad that you didn't wear red to emphasize the idea that you were an adventuress," I suggested gently.

"Wreckers of thrones and homes always wear red," she said musingly, as though she had forgotten me. "At least they do it on the stage. I don't suppose they wear any particular colors in real life. Do they?"

So far, my happy home has been unwrecked, and I said so. If it had to be wrecked, I think I should prefer the siren to wear furtively



"Were we as bad as all that, Mr. Belasco?" I asked

elusive black. I said that too. Also a hat with a lump of pink in it.

Miss Claire smiled. I wish I could say that she looked alarmed, but it would be untrue. The odious fact is that nobody is ever alarmed at me. If I could only induce something of the sort.

"The reason I wear almost red in the last act," she went on pleasantly "is for no siren idea. I made it a point to wear black in the first act. Then came the settings. You know, we poor things cannot forget the stage settings. We must harmonize. I was obliged to adopt that peculiar tomato tint. It isn't a very sinful color, is it?"

"Oh, I think tomatoes are if anything virtuous," I affirmed delicately.

"It is geranium that is so symbolical."

"After all," she declared, "I don't believe in colors as sin-symbols. My idea is that actresses should play these peccant ladies naturally. They should not try to impress the public with the notion that a taint is so eccentric. You understand? When you see Ibsen acted, the leading rôles are invariably dark green.

They are not human, as they should be. It is the human note that makes sin interesting. Sinful people should be and are human. Don't you think so?"

All my friends are VERY pure, and I wot nothing of sin. I have merely a poor jaded critic's opinion of it. I think it tiresome because it is so overdone. Really the amount of sin one meets on the stage is enough to drive one to virtue in self-defense.

"I love Balzac," she said. Then she added: "Don't forget that. It makes me sound so well read! Have you ever read the 'Lily of the Valley'? I must really suggest it to Mr. Belasco. It is so perfect, and so human. Balzac appeals to me. It is the human note in sinful women that makes them so popular. But I hate to see them weird just because they are naughty. They should be played naturally, and without any pose."

"I suppose you'll be playing Nora and Hedda soon," I said scornfully. I was scornful because I love to get goats. One can do that merely by scorn. I am an artist at goat-getting.

However, I did not succeed in getting Miss Claire's. "I dare say that I shall play some straight part for Mr. Belasco," she ventured. "He advised me to study Rosalind—oh, not for the purpose of playing that rôle—Belasco has no idea that I could wear tights—but in order to get into the poetic atmosphere. So I am doing that. I am ambitious and I want to act. I often ask actors what acting is, but the only reply I ever get is that it is gesticulation. Beyond that they do not go."

"Anyway," I remarked, "As you are a mimic—and a very gorgeous one—all you have to do is to imitate actresses. If you should play Rosalind you can go and see a performance and imitate it."

"How very, very unkind of you," she said petulantly. "You are quite a horrid person. Imitation is representation. I imitate people, but I

(Continued on page 31)



"This is the way I would not screech, 'My—My Master Builder!'"



Photo by Abbe



A dry Broadway has no terrors for Dorothy Duncan, of "Jack O'-Lantern," so long as they keep her in the Milking Scene.



As a Keystone cop, in "Miss 1917," Martha Wood can be depended upon to arrest attention—if nothing else.

Mars Hasn't Dimmed All of Broadway's Lights

Photos by Campbell Studio



Marcelle Earle, of "Jack O'Lantern," is probably the only Hawaiian dancer who has ever appeared without a straw dress.

Photo by
Abbe



Rose Dolores really doesn't look as serious as this in "Miss 1917." She is merely reflecting that it is about time to call it "Miss 1918."



Photos by Campbell Studio



The Fiends of Humanity



Humanity — by Raemaekers

Little Glimpses of Darkest Berlin

The Substitute Victory

by ALAN BARRÉ

THE Kaiser was deep in thought. Attached to his mustache was the electric curling-iron which elevated its ends at the proper angle; and in front of him was the large cheval-glass in which it was his custom, when alone, to regard himself with admiration and reverence. No sound broke the stillness of the royal work-room save the musical clinking of his twenty-seven pounds of medals, which interfered lightly with each other as the imperial bosom rose and fell.

At length, with a deep sigh, His Imperial Majesty touched an electric push-button beneath his desk. Excited shouts arose in the antechamber. Several chairs and tables were overturned; and from the sound of hastening feet, one might have thought that a herd of mules was running a hundred-yard dash. When the door opened, however, one saw that the commotion had merely been caused by the anxiety of Chancellor Georg von Hertling to answer his imperial master's summons as rapidly as possible.

"Georg," said the Kaiser, smiling complacently at his reflection in the cheval glass and concealing his withered arm beneath a corner of his cloak, "Georg, I think I see a way out of all our difficulties!"

"Great stuff, All Highest!" cried the Chancellor admiringly. "What are you planning to do? Poison all the babies of the Allied nations, so that there won't be anyone to fight against us twenty years from now?"

"I thought of that, Georg," replied the Kaiser graciously, "but it's too long a job. My plan is much simpler. It is based on the tremendous success which we have had with substitutes. As you doubtless know, ten thousand substitutes are now in use in Germany, seven thousand of them being substitutes for food."

The Chancellor sighed. "Yes, I know it, All Highest," he admitted. "I tried to chew a piece of substitute steak this morning, and got my tongue full of pine splinters. I feel that we will be a good deal better off when we succeed in getting substitutes for most of our substitutes, if you know what I mean."

"Don't worry about me not knowing what you mean, Georg," replied the Kaiser, who knows so well how to administer an imperial rebuke. "You mean that we might be better off if some of our imitation statesmen were replaced with other imitations, don't you?"

"Well, not exactly," replied the Chancellor in some embarrassment. "But Your Majesty

was speaking of a plan whereby our difficulties might be eliminated by substitutes. Just what is the big idea, All Highest? Were you planning to supply the Crown Prince with a substitute army to play with, and use his

better if it were supplied with a substitute leader!"

"Look here, Stupid," growled the Kaiser coldly, "will you be kind enough to forget the substitute ideas with which your head appears to be stocked, and devote a little regular thought to the matter in hand?"

"Pardon, All Highest," apologized the Chancellor. "I allowed my devotion to the Fatherland to over-ride my judgment. Tell me more about this substitute stuff."

The Kaiser snorted ungraciously and shifted a few of the larger medals from the breast of his coat to his hip pocket in order to relieve the drag on his shoulder.

"The idea," he said at length, "is just this: Owing to our skill in evolving substitutes, it should be a very simple matter for us to arrange a substitute surrender to the enemy on the western front. The enemy would think it was real, you understand, Georg; but everybody in Germany would know that it was only a substitute, and would laugh himself sick to see the Allies deluding themselves into thinking that we had actually surrendered. Do you get the drift, Georg?"

"It sounds involved," replied the Chancellor doubtfully, "but it seems to have a lot of possibilities. Is there anything else to it?"

"I should say there was, Georg!" cried the Kaiser with boyish enthusiasm. "After we have got the Allies thoroughly fooled, we will present the German people with a substitute victory. We won't really have any victory to give them, you understand; but they are so accustomed to receiving substitutes that a substitute victory will have all the ear-marks of the genuine article, in their eyes."

"That," exclaimed the Chancellor, falling on his knees and applying his tongue to All Highest's boots, "that, Your Majesty, is the most artistic conception and the most marvelous *coup d'état* of which I have ever heard. It is all the more wonderful because all of us are provided with a substitute sense of honor, so that we won't need to worry ourselves if we find it necessary to break faith with anyone in carrying out the plans."

"I'm glad you like the idea, Georg," replied the Kaiser modestly. "I thought it up all by myself. Have a substitute cigar?"

With these words, All Highest dismissed the Chancellor with a wave of his hand, and went over to his wall-safe for the purpose of selecting a medal of the Order of St. Schmierkase with Onion Blossoms with which to decorate himself for his astuteness.



You Never Do No Knitting Now!

by WILLIAM F. KIRK

Within a swell apartment, three rooms and kitchen grand,
A married husband sat one night and nursed a frozen hand.
'Tis terrible in Winter to be shattered by the blast
And have no mittens for to wear when snow is falling fast!
He thought of how his fair young wife, before she was his bride,
Had knitted socks and mittens for the boys across the tide.
Recalling how he married her to be his knitting mate,
This calm and cutting statement he did state:

REFRAIN

"You never do no knitting now!
Your yarn is full of dust.
You sit around and feed your chow
And let your needles rust.
Your knitting won my heart of yore—
My socks I dreamed you'd darn.
You never knit no wool no more
And that's no idle yarn!"

II

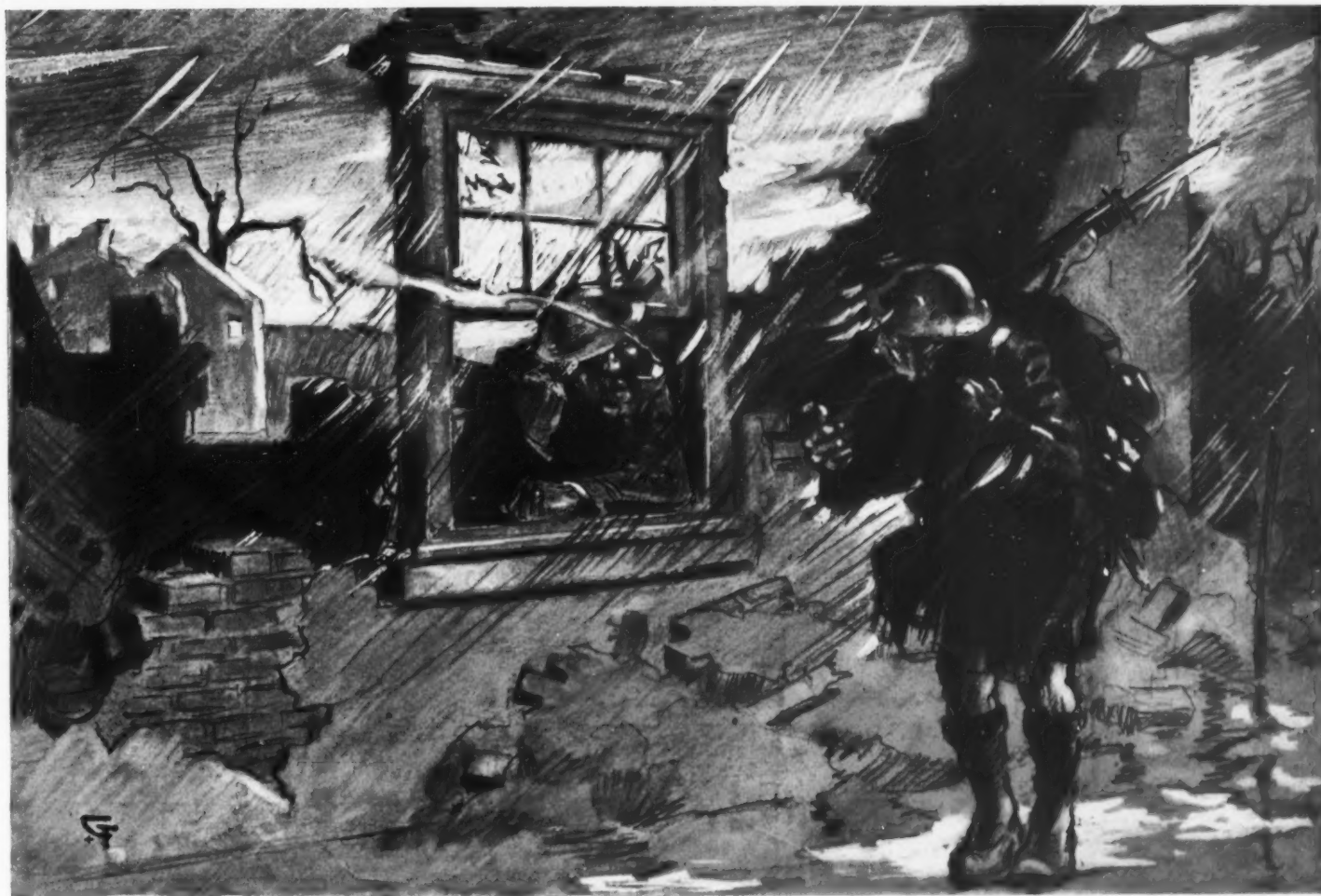
He left the house then with a fling, without a good-bye kiss,
Which was a crueller thing to do than writing songs like this!
That fair wife seized her needles and began to knit like sin—
She knew it was so cold outside that soon he'd wander in.
She knitted and she knitted till two socks she did complete
And sure enough he came back home, because he got cold feet.
O girls who knit and win men's hearts, don't stop when you are wed,
Or you may hear the same cold words this married husband said:

REFRAIN

"You never do no knitting now," etc.

regular army as an instrument which with to break through on the western front? Or were you planning to furnish his army with a substitute Crown Prince, made out of old rags and scrap iron? I can readily understand that his army would do a thousand per cent.

Somewhere in France



THE ONE INSIDE: "Come on in, Bill; yer'll ketch yer def o' cold out there!"

Drawn by W. G. Farr



"Wot luck! An' it's Saturday night, too!"



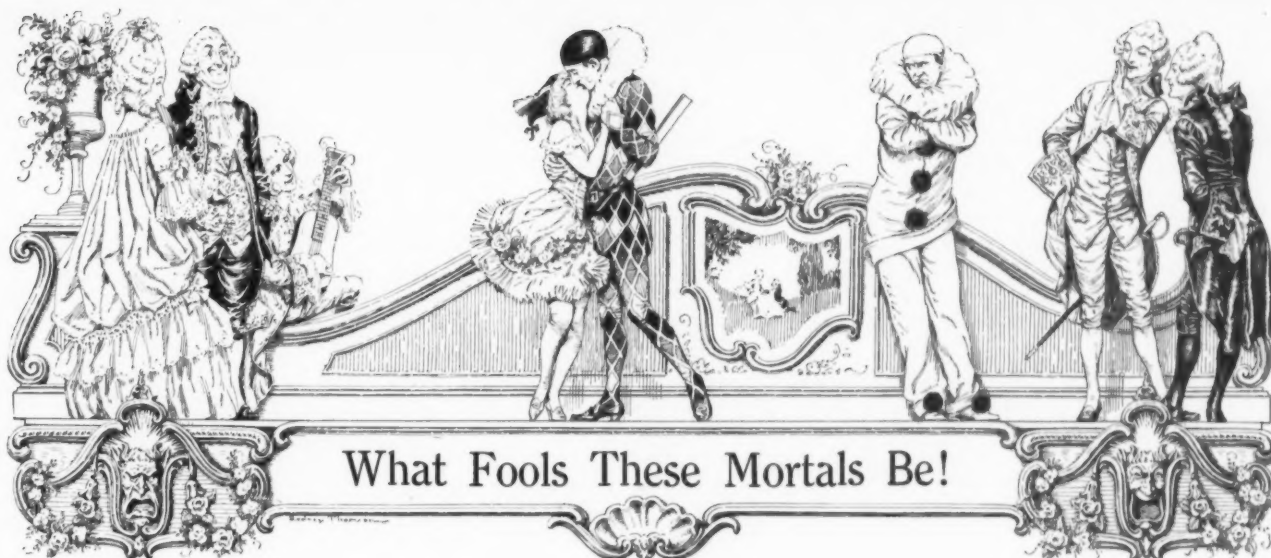
TOMMY (returning from leave): "Awfter all, matey, there's no place like 'ome"



Photo by Abbe

Another Haig Engaged in a Great Drive

Miss Emma, of "Miss 1917"—and the drive consists of the drives that fill the Century Theatre nightly



What Fools These Mortals Be!



IT will indeed be a calamitous state of affairs, if, when the world swings back to the ways of peace, nobody invents a boudoir periscope which will enable a woman to hook herself up the back with ease and unerring certainty.

"From childhood I have been under the influence of five men: Alexander, Julius Caesar, Theodor the Second, Frederick the Great and Napoleon."

—His Imperial Majesty, the Kaiser.

It is to the everlasting credit of George Washington that he, at least, had nothing to do with it.

The wise young woman, remembering the high cost of shoes, does not ask her friend in khaki for a brass button, as in 1898, but for a pair of leather puttees.

One can't be too careful this coming Christmas. The person who buys cards with "Peace on Earth, Good Will toward Men" on them may have to prove that he is not implicated in a pacifist plot.



MAN'S existence—as has been truly said—is but one (profanity) thing after another. To the danger of being stabbed in the eye with a hat-pin, is now added the minor peril of being punctured almost anywhere else with a knitting-needle.

One of the difficult problems which modern army officers have to master is how Napoleon, himself a stickler for punctuality, ever managed without a wrist-watch.

Women ought to have part-time jobs, according to a college professor; devoting the rest of their time to raising families. A good, practical suggestion. Caring for a family occupies not more than, say, fifteen hours of a woman's day. She could get a part-time job for some of the hours she now devotes foolishly to sleep.

Caesar had his Brutus; Charles the First, his Cromwell, and George the Third, his American Colonies, all of them matters of history. It now remains to be seen whom the Hon. Wilhelm Hohenzollern will have.

A man in California lately received by parcels post two mince pies from a relative in Boston. The grand triumph of parcel-posting will be the arrival of a custard pie undamaged at its destination.

Of course the rumor of Kerensky's marriage to a grand opera singer proved false. No sane man with a war on his hands would take on an artistic temperament, too.



HEARKEN to the Secretary of Agriculture demanding, "What is wine?" The Secretary evidently has dropped in at one of those sixty-five cent table d'hotes.

So many different nationalities are now represented on the fighting fronts of Europe that, once the war is over, there could be no better opportunity to hold the next Olympic Games.

Part of the plan to democratize Great Britain is to make the House of Lords like the United States Senate. "The United States Senate is the accepted model in the minds of the reformers." Boy, page Henry Cabot Lodge and tell him—gently, mind—it has been discovered that the Senate is democratic.

The good people of Lenox who opposed the drafting of aliens because it might deprive them of their footmen and butlers should take a broader, more patriotic view of the situation. Think what it will do for the morale of a new and green army if, when ordered to charge a particularly strong enemy position, a goodly portion of the attacking force replies in smooth, well-bred accents, "Yes, sir; coming, sir!"



It is only a question of time. The day when they start pasting hotel labels on knitting bags is fast approaching.

IN SPITE the increasingly large number of women who are going in for aviation, a vast majority of the gentler sex are still studying the right way to face when getting off a trolley.

With a federal food inventory underway, an optimist declares that "the cold storage interests will have to put their cards on the table and the consumer will reap the benefit." Something more substantial than cards on the table would, of course, not be unappreciated by the consumer, or such of him as we have met.

A French woman, eager to help America, suggests that every American family keep a rabbit "as a means of food defense during the war." Not a bad recommendation, but it has one serious flaw; so many of us live in apartments of only five or six rooms.

Germany is offering so many inducements for the capture of the first American that it well nigh puts him in the same proud class with the first violet and the first robin.

Among the war-songs which have yet to be written is the stirring martial ditty. "I Don't Belong to the Regulars; I'm Just a Profiteer."

Mefiez-vous, Taisez-vous

by JAMES CHARLTON

ONE of the things that compensate me for being a specialist in "human interest" stuff is the knowledge that not infrequently I give the world a glimpse of the true motives which underlie actions Society has misunderstood and therefore condemned.

By Society I mean a criminal court jury.

I have always felt it to be a singularly sacred privilege to beard some poor helpless devil in his or her cell in order to glean his or her version of the case. It gives me that hot-coffee-inside sensation of a charity commissioner to pat some sentenced prisoner gently on the handcuff and murmur: "So you knew it must be either him or you. Ah, yes. I understand."

That sort of thing is my meat. So when Wilberforce Fitzgerald Swansdown was convicted of manslaughter for battering in old Cronkhite's head with a seltzer siphon in the smoking room of the Senior League Club, I charged up at once for a special interview.

"By ginger," he exclaimed, "I've been wondering when you'd come. I'm fed up with the people here. They lack the social instinct. Can't even ask a guard how he got that way, without being snapped at. Almost sorry I let myself in for it now."

"Why did you?" I inquired. "Don't think I'm reproaching you, old thing. I know you were driven to it. I know you have some justifying reason. And I want to give it publicity. I want to exonerate you in the eyes of the people."

Swanny motioned me to sit down.

The only place to sit was on the narrow pallet which was hinged to one wall. But for this and a grimy stone water jug standing just inside the art-metal grille, the cell was unfurnished. I sat. In fact, we both sat. After a moment's silence, he began:

"If I had seen Cronkhite first, I shouldn't be in this hole now. He rubber-heeled up on me before I even had time to look for the nearest exit. You know Cronkhite—"

I said I did.

"Well, the blighter was on the other end of the divan and in the middle of his measly argument before I could do a thing. You know the way he plunged right in."

I nodded. Cronkhite never wasted time in preliminary skirmishes. He always plunged right in. His trouble was that, having plunged in, he never could manage to wade out.

"You know," Swanny continued, "he didn't give me any hint of what was coming. He didn't say, 'Speaking of the war,' or 'Apropos of liquid fire,' or anything that would have given me the cue to sneak. He simply kerplunked on to the divan and said: 'Tremendous concentration of British troops on

the front up near the sea. The Germans see it and what do they think?'

"Of all the fatheads," said Swanny. "Imagine asking anybody what Germans think."

I grunted.

"And then," resumed the prisoner, "he dashed right along at top speed. I'll give you an imitation. Shut your eyes and

last situation leads one further—"Because, when you come to think of it, it would really be quite elementary for the Germans to think that, since the British may very likely have guessed that they (the Germans) know that the British know that the Germans think their (the-British) concentration of men on the coast is only a feint, the obvious thing for the British to do would be really to drive along on the coast. And of course, if they worked it out on these premises all they would have to do would be to get immediately ready for an attack on their lines near the coast—"

"But in reality the problem could not rest there. For we must at once assume that the British will think a little ahead of that. Therefore the Germans will get bilked, you see. Because, aware of the fact that the Germans think that, since the British have probably caught on to the probability that they (the Germans) know that the British know that the Germans think the British concentration of men on the coast is only a feint and that they (the Germans) will consequently try to protect this point in the belief that the English concentration is not a feint after all, the obvious thing for the British to do is to pile bang through the middle."

Swanny stopped. Breathed deep. Took a swig from the stone jug. "Remember, I'm still imitating Cronkhite," he resumed:

"Now to me it's as plain as the nose on your face that the Germans, much as I hate 'em, couldn't be such

utter mugs as to let the English put it over on them with a bit of such coarse strategy as that. I feel absolutely certain that the Bosches would work it out still more thoroughly. They would have to, you must admit that. If they didn't, they would be badly knocked about. But just what conclusion would they arrive at? To get it absolutely clear I will go right back to the beginning and trace out the evolution of the whole idea. Now here we are: There is a tremendous concentration—"

"At that point," said Swanny, speaking for himself, "I stopped him."

"Wait," I said. "Do you intend to go all through that again?" "Of course," said he, "it is essential to your complete understanding of the theorem." "Oh," I murmured, "I know a much better way than that." "What is it?" he inquired.

"This," I said briefly. And snatching the siphon I brained him then and there."

I jumped up and seized Swanny by the hand. "You did a noble thing. I shall tell all the world about it."

"Thank you," said Swanny simply. "Please send me a marked copy of your paper."



RECRUIT (drawing equipment): "Hey, sergeant, this hat doesn't fit. I won't stand for such service; call the proprietor immediately!"

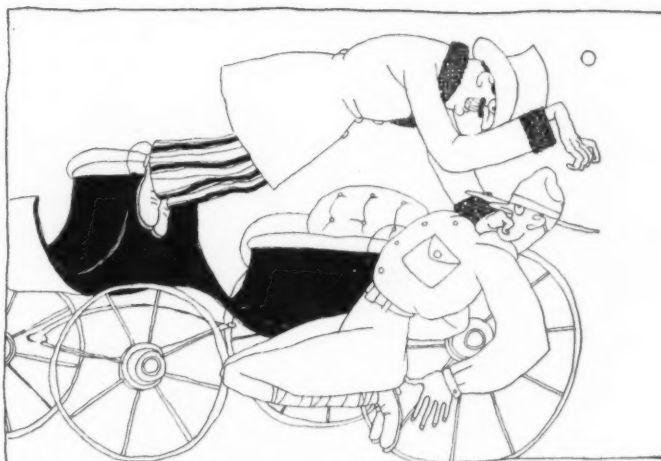
try to imagine Cronkhite talking from now on:

"Tremendous concentration of British troops on the front near the sea. The Germans see it and what do they think? Oh, ho, they think, those Englander Schwein are massing men near the coast. They are going to try to snaffle our Ostend and our Antwerp. We'll soon put an end to that. But then, just as they are about to concentrate men on the coast themselves, it occurs to them that the British move is nothing but a feint to draw their attention away from the middle of the line. So they decide to go through the middle, and fool 'em. But now take the other viewpoint.

"Suppose the British, who have massed men and guns on the sector near the coast, realize that the Germans think the move is only a feint. Grant this and you must grant, also, that the British will have the bulge on the Germans if they simply carry on up near the coast, because they (the Germans) think they (the British) intend to come ploughing through the middle. On the other hand, does it seem likely that the reasoning, on both sides, should stop there? No, it does not. Naturally this

Don'ts for Sammies in the City of Light

Drawn by RALPH BARTON

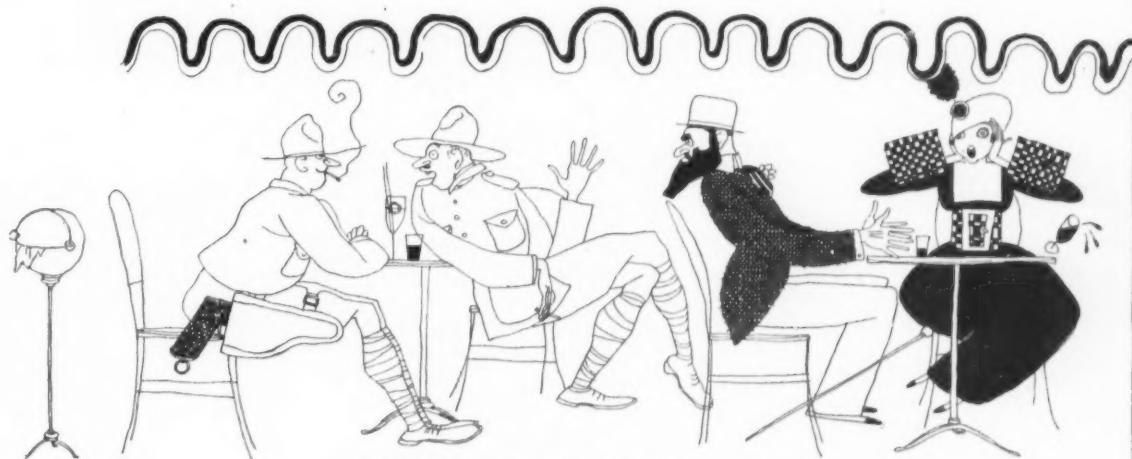


DON'T try to tip your *cocher* with a two-sou piece. Your country needs you.

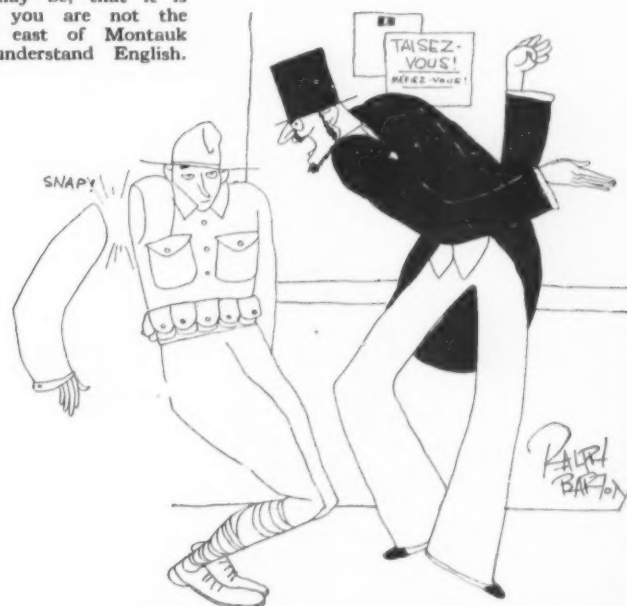


DON'T tell a Frenchman that "Maryland" on the cigarette package is not the French Government's trade name, but the name of one of the United States from which the tobacco came. He will think you are merely blowing about your country and won't believe you.

DON'T neglect to be regularly introduced to Parisiennes before taking such liberties as shown below. It is now an established fact that quite a number of them are perfectly respectable.



DON'T forget, however good your latest yarn may be, that it is possible that you are not the only persons east of Montauk Point who understand English.



DON'T mention the War to a Frenchman. He has had three years of it and has saved up something to say on the subject.



"How much better to know
Mr. Bleecker thus"

I CANNOT but feel that a drastic reweaving is necessary in that selvage of the social fabric by which we determine who is and who is not "society," and the relative importance and acceptability of the constituent atoms of that delightful phase of existence.

Correct always in their social amenities, our English cousins seem to have been quite as remiss in cataloging their elite as we have ourselves.

Mayfair, for instance, awakes one fine morning to find its sacred borders invaded by one Cyril Coutts Ponsonby-Bentinck. Mayfair rubs its eyes and rushes to Burke, where it finds that Cyril Coutts Ponsonby-Bentinck has been batting 2009 in Mr. Burke's league for some centuries or so.

Immediately and without further ado, Cyril Coutts Ponsonby-Bentinck's status is fixed. Mayfair "has his number." Tagged with all the due formality that attends the registry of a homing pigeon or a West Highland terrier, Cyril Coutts Ponsonby-Bentinck falls into his social niche as gracefully as a cardinal's image in a cathedral nave.

Mayfair knows precisely how many dukes, marquises and earls precede him at an embassy ball. His approximate stall at Covent Garden may be arrived at by a simple mathematical calculation, and the elect may even fix upon his usual location at Goodwood.

His servants, in their round of social gaities, know that they take precedence just after the retinue of their master's neighbor, the Hon. Cora Cholmondely-Barr, to whom Burke allocates number 2008; and that they precede at all func-

A Rift in the Social Lute

by RANDAL AYRAULT

tions the menials of that insufferable bounder, Sir Arthur Plantagenet Poggson, knighted by a radical ministry for proficiency in soap-making, and allotted by some whimsy of ancestry the comparatively imposing number, 2010.

BUT—and here we come upon that weak link in the chain of social circumstances.

Number 2009 fails utterly to convey the slightest conception of Cyril Coutts Ponsonby-Bentinck's idiosyncrasies, his failings, his good points and the vital statistics so necessary to a true social appraisal of the gentleman in question.

It neglects to convey any intelligence of the fact that Mr. Ponsonby-Bentinck is an aged roué who habitually falls asleep midway through dinner; that he has been known to smuggle his own butler into a friend's household in the capacity of second-man, to the end that he might depend on the faithful Hawkins' friendly offices in reaching home after a particularly plenteous repast; that he squanders huge sums in gaming while an elderly sister lives in penury in Pentonville, and, to crown a peculiarly worthless career, that he cherishes a secret craving for periwinkles, which he has served to him before retiring, in the privacy of his own chamber.

And yet, are not these things that we should know, if we are to run our finger down a page of Burke and check off all numbers up to 3000 as the happy recipients of our next charitable appeal?

To come to our own problems of social swank, let us examine the case of Mrs. Jabez Snodgrass, as revealed to a pitiless publicity in the *Social Register*. We find this entry:

SNODGRASS, Mr. and Mrs. JABEZ (Tabitha Boggs) U'72, Cc, Xyz, Pdg, A.
Juniors, Misses Pearl, Ruby and Hyacinth.



"Heights, Washington, 29, Imf,
Hrt, Wd, Nb"

Which informs us that there is a Jabez Snodgrass, who was graduated from Ursinus College in 1872, that he is a member of the Catnip Association, the Tin and Ironware Club and the Society of King Phillips' War, and that Mrs. Snodgrass once rejoiced in the name of Boggs, before Jabez mercifully led her from the altar. (Parenthetically we wish to correct here the frequent misstatement on the part of ill-informed writers that a swain leads his bride-to-be to the altar.)

Apparently, this simple announcement conveys all that Mr. and Mrs. Snodgrass's friends ought to know about them, but I hold that it is inadequate in stating their claims to social prestige. It does not state, for instance, that Jabez Snodgrass is the Snodgrass who endowed the Snodgrass Infirmary for Indigent Green-grocers, or that the misses Pearl and Ruby Snodgrass have been listed as Juniors in the last twelve *Social Registers*.

It fails to record the fact that Mr. Snodgrass neither dances nor plays cards, that the Snodgrass Juniors cannot sing, drive ambulances or knit, and that Mrs. Snodgrass becomes slightly hilarious after one bacardi cocktail. These things the hostess should know, yet only by crashing through the ice of acquaintance can such information be secured.

Let us picture the chagrin of Mrs. Clyming Hieren Hier, who finds so many male standbys taken to khaki that she is driven to a desperate expedient in providing enough dancing men for her Mi-Careme ball. Summoning her secretary she says:

(Continued on page 33)



"Mr. Worsen Useless's only game is checkers"

Releasing a Man for the Front

A Few Suggestions for the Consideration of Our Little Band of Earnest War Workers

by BARKSDALE ROGERS



Billposting has the advantage, at least, of keeping one out in the open, not to mention its certain appeal to the casual passer-by.



And who better to exercise the magic authority of "Go" or "Stop" than she whose dominion over these two commands has remained unchallenged since the beginning of time?



"Taxi, sir!" loses all of its smack of "Hands up!" And who wouldn't suffer himself to be held up by a pretty young highwaywoman?



Sandow himself could hardly resist the blandishments of Miss Red Cap, though his portmanteau were as a feather in his grasp.



Since woman has usurped all of man's estate, including his ballot, why should she not share in his ups and downs?



"Jeemes" may be tooling a tank "somewhere in France," secure in the knowledge that careful hands hold the ribbons over the pair of grays back home.

Domestic Mise-en-Scènes

Back to the Bench!



The sad plight of a virago who married a major-league baseball umpire.

The Successor to the Blonde Hair



WIFEY (finding a straw on hubby's coat): So you've been out with one of those Hawaiian dancers!

A Travel-Log



"I told you, Josiah, you did not know how to manage that boat!"



Just One Thing After Another

by CAROLYN WELLS

One Hundred Per Cent Efficient

THEY entered the restaurant and trailed the smooth-running waiter to his favorite table. An intensive glance over the menu resulted in a capably given order, and the waiter oozed away. He was all right, but the little omnibus boy delayed bringing the ice water. The man, not because he was thirsty, nor was the lady, but because it irritated them both to have a slip in the routine, fidgeted a little. Only an imperceptible little, for he was correct of demeanor. Nothing would have induced him to make an indicative sound with his small silver, or his gilt chair-legs. But, being efficient, he *had* to secure the services of that omnibus, as silently as the famed Arab. With a murmur of excuse to the lady, he rose, stepped out of doors onto Fifth Avenue, and stepped back carrying something, which he set against their table and resumed his seat. It was one of those traffic signs, which read:



Calories

He's cut down bread! He's cut down cheese!
And now my one petition this is:
Don't—Mr. Boo-hoo-hoover—*please!*
Administrate upon our kisses!

Syllogism

QUERY: Are Women People?
PREMISE: The Voice of the people is the voice of God.
COROLLARY: Women are not people.

The man that rocks with laughter is the man that rules the world.



Why Not Apply to the Praise Administrator, Sir Hubert Stanley?

Of one commodity I've need;
It's hard to find, these stinting days.
Where can I buy praise by the meed?
I'd like a meed or two of praise.
(Is somebody hoarding the stuff?)

Observing the hen-with-its-head-off methods of most of our energetic War Workers, it seems to me what we need is to strive to make America safe and sane for Democracy.

for January 5, 1918

His Familiar

THE man was getting married. At his side, unseen by any one, stood his Familiar, a stern-visaged, indomitable spirit. He had always ruled the man—he always would. Nor marriage, nor love, nor a woman's wiles should oust the Familiar from his long-held throne. And so it was. Throughout his married life, the man was bound in the inexorable thralldom of his Familiar. Strive as he might, he could not break the gyves. The wife of his bosom could not overpower the tyrant. Yet did she not resent this. "For," said her canny feminine prescience, "that Familiar shall yet be my salvation, my protector and strength!" And when the time came that the man was tired of his wife, that his fancy was taken by a fairer face, a younger charm, and he would fain fly to her and bask always in her smiles, then did his Familiar stand by his side and forbid this thing. Then was the wife's foresight proved and she was saved all jealousy, shame or hurt pride. And the fair young siren wept bitterly for that her plans were naught because of the man's Familiar. And who was the Familiar? Honor? Nay, not so. Loyalty? Virtue? None of these. His name was Habit.



It Isn't the Thing You Do, Dear, It's the Thing You Leave Undone

In idle dreams of what might be,
A *Perfect World* I fashioned me.
No thought of war, no taint of crime;
All verses written in true rhyme;
No blotters water-tight and hard,
No uplift books and no Swiss chard.
No rose had thorns; no sting, the bee;
Nothing that spoils the day for me.
Each roseleaf I uncrumpled, too;
I made the sky a deeper blue;
I tinted lilies, gold refined;
And sweetened up the grapefruit rind.
Triumphant then, my prize I viewed,
The *Perfect World*, I had endued
With everything beloved by me.
I smiled content. When suddenly
I found, and my! but I was mad!
I'd left the bones in that blamed shad!



Here is a gem culled from the writings of Feurbach, who is said to hold the world record for ground and lofty thinking, "The essential quality of man is manliness—of woman, womanliness." After thoroughly sounding the subtlety of this, I think a movement should be started for fewer and better backs.



WHERE SHALL I
GO TO-NIGHT
Plays Now in
New York

"None can afford to miss it — all can afford to go."

"CHEER UP!"
at the HIPPODROME

"Greatest Success Ever Known."
Management Charles Dillingham
Staged by R. H. Burnside
Seats 6 weeks ahead Matinee every day

REPUBLIC W. 42d St. Evenings
at 8.30. Matinees
Wed. & Sat. at 2.30.

LOU TELLEGEN
UNDER HIS OWN MANAGEMENT
IN

"BLIND YOUTH"
A New Play by Willard Mack and
Lou Tellegen.

ELTINGE W. 42d St. Even-
ings at 8.30. Mats.
Wed. & Sat. at 2.30.

A. N. Woods presents
**BUSINESS BEFORE
PLEASURE**

By Montague Glass & Jules Eckert Goodman
With **BARNEY BERNARD**
and **ALEXANDER CARR**

GAIETY B'way and 46th St.
Evenings 8.20. Mat-
inees Wed. & Sat. 2.20.

Alexandra Carlisle

in
THE TARKINGTON-STREET COMEDY

The Country Cousin

MOROSCO 45th St. West of B'way.
Evenings at 8.20.
Mats. Wed. & Sat. 2.20.

Oliver Morosco's Laughing Sensation

LOMBARDI, LTD.

With **LEO CARRILLO**

With a typical Morosco cast

NEW AMSTERDAM West 42d St. Eves.
8.15. Mats. Wed.
& Sat. 2.15.

Klaw & Erlanger's Musical Comedy
Triumph

THE RIVIERA GIRL

Music by Emmerich Kalman. Book and Lyrics
by Guy Bolton and P. G. Wodehouse

After the Play Visit

NEW ZIEGFELD

MIDNIGHT FROLIC

Atop New Amsterdam Theatre
Meeting Place of the World

30 Most Beautiful Girls in the World

FOR MEN OF BRAINS
Cortez CIGARS
—MADE AT KEY WEST—

He or She
will get more fun out of a year of

PUCK

than from any other Christmas present you
can buy for only \$2.50. And every two weeks
Puck will remind him, or her, to save up \$2.50
so that next Christmas Puck may come

To You

WANTED: AN IDEA

Who can think of some simple
thing to patent? Protect your
ideas, they may bring you wealth.
Write for "Needed Inventions"
and list of Patent Buyers.

Randolph & Co., Patent Attorneys, Dept. 165, Washington, D. C.

A Thrilling Moment

THE silence of the wilderness was absolute. Alone, I felt, and afraid. Under its spell I paused to gaze with awe and reverence about me.

Suddenly my revery was broken, as with quickened pulse and startled delight, I awoke to the presence of a radiant maiden, draped in green shimmering cloth, standing alone on the edge of the wood. One moment she paused and something inexplicably thrilling fought its way into her frightened eyes. Then she darted away into the shelter of the forest. A glimpse of the pink daintiness of her flying heels must have invited me to chase. For this I did.

Deep in that great forest I overtook her. The fragrance of her nearness, the spell of her exotic loveliness intoxicated me, and I seized her struggling form in a mad ecstatic embrace. She yielded in a moment with wild abandon. Then as I gazed over her perfumed shoulder a great joy tugged at my heart. And I released her, for although these had been difficult scenes, I could tell by the expression on the director's face as he came toward us, that there would be no retake.

A Delayed Alarm

TIMID YOUNG MAN (with a burst of courage): Would you scream if I kissed you?

SHY YOUNG GIRL: I don't see how I could until it was all over.



"Where d'ya keep the money? Speak up quick, or I'll blow yer bloomin' head off!"

How It Happened

"Women," observed a matron, sagely, "feel where men think."

"Yes," sighed Cynicus, who had been married three times, "that's why men become bald."

Caught Red Handed

"Jackson has a guilty look."

"Yes, he knows I saw him use three lumps of sugar at lunch today."

A Nocturnal Soliloquy

"Now sir," began wifey the morning after, "I want to know who your female companion was last night."

"Female companion?" asked hubby puzzled. "I don't quite understand. I wasn't with any lady last night."

"Then why did you say in your sleep, 'those were the prettiest hands I ever held'?"



WHERE SHALL I
GO TO-NIGHT
Plays Now in
New York

SHUBERT ATTRACTIONS IN NEW YORK

WINTER GARDEN B'way & 50th. Eves. at 8.
Matinees Tues., Thurs. & Sat. 2.

DOING OUR BIT

CASINO B'way & 30th St. Eves. 8:15.
Matinees Wed. & Sat. 2:15.

Smartest
of Musical
Comedies

OH, BOY!

SHUBERT 44th W. of Broadway. Eves. 8.
Matinees Wed. & Sat. 2.

MAYTIME Tinting Music.
Charming Story
100% Talent.
Charles Purcell, Peggy Wood & Wm. Norris.

ASTOR Broadway & 45th St. Eves. 8:30.
Matinees Wed. & Sat. 2:30.

THE VERY IDEA!!

Ernest **TRUEX**. Richard **BENNETT**.

Maxine Elliott's 39th. nr. B'way. Eves. 8:30.
Mats. Wed. & Sat. 2:30.

MARJORIE RAMBEAU
in "EYES OF YOUTH"

39TH ST. Theatre, near B'way. Eves. 8:30.
Matinees Wed. & Sat. 2:30.

George V.
Hobart's
Farce
with Hale
Hamilton

**WHAT'S YOUR
HUSBAND DOING?**

BOOTH 45th St. W. of B'way. Eves. 8:25.
Matinees Wed. & Sat. 2:25.

GUY BATES POST IN THE
MASQUERADER

BIJOU 45th W. of B'way. Eves. 8:15.
Matinees Wed. & Sat. 2:15.

ODDS A N ENDS Harry Watson, Jr.,
Lillian
Lorraine,
and Jack
Norworth.

**Pictures from
Puck**



X 54. "Take It From Me"

When everything goes wrong and you feel so small that you would have to stand on a toadstool to hand a squirrel a peanut—

That's when you need a few Pictures from Puck. They break up the gloom barrage and illumine your outlook.

Puck prints are beautiful reproductions in full colors from paintings by the most celebrated artists. Average size 9 x 12 inches—price 25 cents each postpaid.

Special Offer: Five selected prints from Puck, \$1.00. Delivery guaranteed. If outside of U. S., add 10 cents for registration.

Our new profusely illustrated catalog sent free on receipt of postage.

Puck Print Department
119 West 40th Street New York



YOUNG HUB: Now see what you've done--you woke the baby up!

Polly Reveals Her Present

(Continued from page 15)

can always improve upon them. I am not satisfied with mere imitation. As for acting, I have my own ideas. So there now!"

She gave me some of those ideas, *in extenso*, and if I had the space to quote them I would. They might help many, and I'm sure Miss Claire loves to be helpful. I think she forgot her singing lesson, which was due, or her other duties, so engrossed did she become in her "art" chat. I am afraid that I squirmed. I am not really tremendously fond of "art" chats. I grew restive, and she saw it.

"You're dying to go," she said, reading me. "You can't get out until I open the door. It is locked. Suppose I keep you here, and talk art to you until you expire."

This dramatic situation appealed to me. Imagine gasping for breath in a locked apartment while an awfully pretty girl talked "art" to you! Do you think that I should have the "sympathy of the audience" or would it go to her? I am inclined to think that she would get it.

"I don't want to go" I asserted mendaciously. "I am not going to

say 'Let me pass,' or 'Unhand me.'"

"Will you come up some day and have tea with me?" she asked. "Oh, don't think that I shall talk art to you. I promise not to do so."

My reply, which you might guess, was lost by the interruption of a gentleman, who had nothing more artistic to offer than a desire to wash the windows. And I heard that sweet girl say to him, in the most fascinating tones: "Do you really want to wash my windows? Well, you shall."

And I presume he did.

To have made this chat quite conventional, the inevitable puppy should have barked at my heels, and mother should have stood by the door and have remarked: "Be kind to my little girl." Those things lacked.

I am of the opinion that Miss Claire needs neither puppy nor mother. She is one of those febrile American gells who can take care of themselves, admirably. She is not of the "clinging vine" quality, which is a good thing. I dare say she will vote, but I avoided asking her. That would have been quite too impertinent.

Sammy Scores!



"Please, sir, I've got to have \$1.00 a week more. I bought a liberty bond on the instalment plan, an' I've got to keep up my payments."

"All right, Sammy; you win!"

for January 5, 1918



Somewhere in America

Laying submarine cable, hundreds of miles of it, to scores of isolated lighthouses is one of the telephone tasks made necessary by the war. The Bell System has also built lines connecting some two hundred coast guard stations.

It has built complete telephone systems for fifteen National Army cantonments and fifteen National Guard camps, each a city in size, and also at many naval, officer's reserve, mobilization and embarkation camps and at army and navy stations.

It has provided an enormous increase in long distance facilities throughout the country, that satisfactory service may be maintained between cantonments, training camps, guard outposts, military supply stations, war industries, the National Capital and other centers of Government activity.

The Government facilities at the National Capital have already been increased three-fold and there has been a tremendous increase in local and toll facilities.

Fifteen thousand miles of telephone wire have been taken from other use for the exclusive service of the Government and some 20,000 miles of telegraph facilities also provided.

Meanwhile the Bell System has given generously of its manpower, until over seven thousand men are in service or recruited for military duty.

Members of the Bell System whether they have already gone to France or whether they have stayed at their posts to help mobilize the country for victory, are equally in the service of the nation.

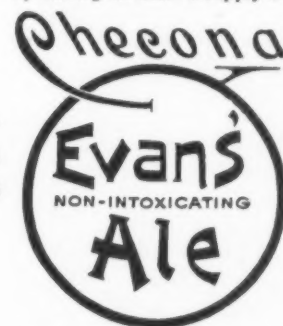


AMERICAN TELEPHONE AND TELEGRAPH COMPANY
AND ASSOCIATED COMPANIES

One Policy One System Universal Service

Make it pleasant for those at home this Christmas

by having on hand a supply of



A jolly non-intoxicating beverage with a smack and zest all its own

Brimful of health and pleasure. Mellow, substantial and satisfying

No Government License Required

Supplied in bottles by up-to-date Grocers, Druggists and Dealers

C. H. EVANS & SONS Estab. 1786 HUDSON, N. Y.

A Good Resolution: "I will send Puck two well-worn dollar bills and a tarnished fifty-cent piece for twenty-four bright new issues."



Make a NEW MAN of YOURSELF for the NEW YEAR!



STRONGFORT
The Perfect Man

Are you going to be a failure all your life or are you determined to be a **BIG SUCCESS THIS YEAR?**

Are you going to stay a weakling with flabby muscles, undeveloped body, poor digestion, or are you going to **MAKE** yourself **STRONG, VITAL, and SELF-RELIANT?**

Abraham Lincoln said "prepare yourself for your big chance and it will come." No man wants a weakling for a big job. **PREPARE YOURSELF NOW.**

HEALTH—STRENGTH—VITALITY

Are you too fat or too thin? Are your organs weak? Have you a good appetite?

RESOLVE TO BE FREE

from your shackles of Ill-Health. No matter what your ailment **STRONGFORTISM** will help you overcome it.

Here is a practical system of health and body building fitted to your individual needs by **LIONEL STRONGFORT**, the strongest physical culture expert in the world.

The cost is moderate, instructions personal. Write me today; tell me just what your weakness or your ailment is and I will show you how to grow strong, robust, **SUCCESSFUL**. Before you do anything else write me now for a **FREE** copy of my book **INTELLIGENCE IN PHYSICAL AND HEALTH CULTURE**, and send 6c. in stamps to cover mailing expenses.

LIONEL STRONGFORT

Master of Physical Culture

412 Park Building, Newark, N. J.

On Holidays in General — Particularly New Year's

(Continued from page 10)

annual game with the early Christmas, singing:

"Of all the starry hosts above
That shine on you and me
The brightest star, the fairest star
Is—the jolly old Class of Three
Three! Three! Three!"

or words to that effect, with the diminished seventh on the last "star" which was probably old even then.

It was all so simple, so innocent, so fresh. But now—shades of Martin Luther—what a change has come over us. What with sentimentalists and economists and revivalists our good old days have become emasculated. Where, oh where is the zip and bang of the Gal-orious Fourth which started with a dynamite-cracker on the end of a fish-pole just inside Uncle Horace's window and ended in the full-throated discharge of a "flower-pot" right into the best parlor!—lost, all that, mid the rustle of boiled shirts and apoplectic oratory. What has become of the groaning Yule-tide board from which we staggered to gaze dimly at real candles which dripped hot wax on baby's head and into Willie's watch—gone, all gone, swept into the discard by Community Choruses which wail out-of-tunefully around a bunch of electric lights set up, forsooth, in a public square—in winter, too, mark you. I might stand it if it were summer, but in winter—Gooch!

As for New Year's, well, I thought at first the sentimentalists were bad enough with their poems about infants and their pictures of babies pushing old men down-stairs and their obstetrical patter of the Birth of a

New Era, etc.—but the revivalists, who stand along the primrose path and say "Boo!" have gone them one better. Who started it I don't know, probably a German, but anyway, they have gradually put up great, angry moral hurdles across the gate of January until any one who gets over alive has to have wings; if not alive, a halo and harp are thrown in. From a day of geniality lathered with egg-nogg we have evolved a pall-bearers' convention. The average American family, during the week after New Year's looks as if it had swallowed a flock of canaries. Father uses the soft-pedal even at breakfast; Mother thinks the new maid is a Finnish angel and brother Roy, after an hour over a book says "Half-past nine, My, it's late!" and is off to bed. At the Club one's friends are very businesslike. "Have a good time over the holidays?" You ask them, and the reply is a look of challenge that says "What the devil is that to you," and they are off, can't wait a minute, just stopped in to look at a Detroit paper, as if anyone . . . but cheer-o! Don't be discouraged. It doesn't last. Behind each cloud the sun is shining, and when it does break forth—oh Bebe!

Along about Twelfth Night comes a day that starts with a bang. Father leaves the household suffering from shellshock, the Finnish angel flaps down the back steps not even bothering to shut the door, brother Roy is among the missing, the club is rocking on its base, and the Heavenly Recorder smiling enters the simple note,

"Jan. 10. Conditions Normal."
The New Year has really begun.



LOVE-SICK OFFICE BOY: Miss Sweetly, won't you please let me rescue you from a lion or a dragon or something, some day?

PUCK

A Rift in the Social Lute

(Continued from page 26)

"My dear Miss Comfort, we need men, and we cannot be too particular. Take the *Social Register* and send cards to the first ten single men under each letter of the alphabet until you reach 'M'. We'll reserve the remainder of the book for our next dance."

At the end of the week, Miss Comfort presents a tabulated list of responses for the scrutiny of her ambitious and efficient employer.

Forty of the gentlemen addressed have passed the age of three score years and ten, and, while yet in dancing mood, fear the responsibility attendant upon playing cavalier to debutantes.

Seven gallants are confined to their *chaises longue* in the inexorable grip of gout.

Four decline on the stationery of the Mill's Hotel. Miss Comfort, being of an observing turn of mind, and having unimpeachable information of a sorry turn in "The Street," shrewdly suspects that the declinations are prompted by the fact that the evening regalia of the quartette is possibly reposing elsewhere as collateral.

A baker's dozen have not danced since the Lanciers fell into disrepute, and out of the entire batch just five eligibles feel that they were sufficiently *au courant* with the modern antics of Terpsichore to venture acceptances.

But now let us suppose that the *Social Register* were constructed along entirely different lines, designed as an Ever Ready Refuge of the Distracted Hostess. We might find an entry somewhat along these lines:

USELESS, WORSEN, '87, Vop, Id, Vrvv, Ogch.

Which, freely translated, conveys the information that Mr. Worsen Useless is 87 years of age, the very oldest procurable, that he is in his dotage, is very rich but very close, and that his only game is checkers. Obviously, Mrs. Clyming Hieren could have saved postage on Mr. Useless.

On the other hand we might run across this notation and pause reflectively:

BLEECKER, HOUSTON RIVINGTON, 34, Bv, Ed, Wo, Pt-b, r, f, Rb. Lh-5be.

Which wig-wags the intelligence that Mr. Houston Rivington Bleecker is 34, a *bon vivant*, an exceptional dancer and a wine-opener; that his parlor tricks include bridge, roulette, faro and Russian *banque*, and that he loves hectically, with five broken engagements to his credit. How much better to know Mr. Bleecker thus, than to content ourselves with the colorless facts that his telephone number is Lenox 9999, that he is 'or Packard Institute and belongs to the Patrician, the Owls' and the Millenium Clubs!

Then, too, we might tag the social parasite for mutual protection thus:

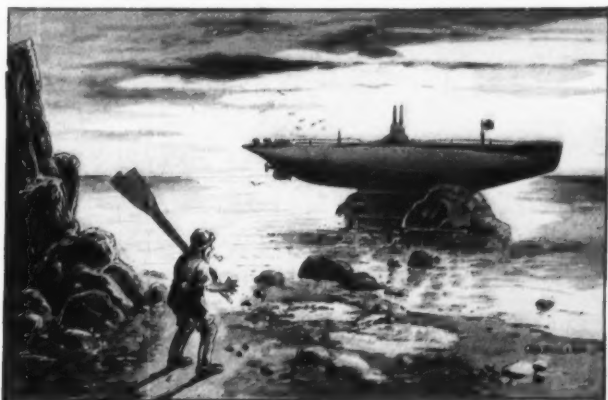
HEIGHTS, WASHINGTON, 29, Imf, Hrt, Wd, Nb.

Conveying, as it does, the information that this gay young blade, Washington Heights, at the age of 29, has distinguished himself as an impecunious male flapper of the hall-room type, that he is a wretched dancer and never buys.

Picture Mrs. Clyming Hieren Hier, with a supplemental *Social Register* containing this information before her. Her social quandaries take wings and certainty smoothes out the furrowed brow.

"Miss Comfort," she purrs, "kindly pick out twenty Ed's, Rb's and Wdp's. I am giving a small dinner dance next Wednesday."

And in due time, a score of eligible young men qualifying as excellent dancers, rich bachelors and witty dinner partners find themselves basking in the dim candlelight of Mrs. Hier's approval, blissfully unconscious of the fortuitous circumstances that brought so congenial a company together.



When the Tide Went Out

Wanted: By a strict advocate of the observance of the Tuesday, a recipe for the meatless nutcakes.

for January 5, 1918

Chesterfield CIGARETTES

of IMPORTED and DOMESTIC tobaccos—Blended



"Here's a mild cigarette that Satisfies"

This Chesterfield Cigarette does more than please the taste. It gives smokers a new kind of cigarette enjoyment, the one thing they've always wished for in a cigarette—

Chesterfields let you know you are smoking—they "SATISFY"!

Yet they're Mild!

The new and unique blend—that's what does it. That, and the pure, natural Imported and Domestic tobaccos—no so-called "processes" or artificial fussing—just natural tobaccos. And the blend can't be copied.

Try Chesterfields. Today.

Loggitt & Myers Tobacco Co.

They "Satisfy"!—
and yet they're Mild!

HEADLIGHT UNION MADE OVERALLS

"A Smile of Satisfaction with Every Pair"



Put your whole family
in HEADLIGHTS

One pair outwears *two*
pairs of ordinary overalls.
All Headlight Overalls are dyed
with genuine indigo fast blue dye.

LARNED, CARTER & CO.
DETROIT, MICH.

You may ship us a well selected assortment
of (state how many) _____
down HEADLIGHT Overalls accompanied by
your full equipment of advertising matter
posters for bill boards with our name as exclusive
agents, store cards, counter display signs, time books
for distribution, lantern slides, and electrotypes for local
newspapers.

Name _____
Town _____ State _____

We prefer to see sample garments before ordering. Therefore send
us a few pairs representing your best numbers. You to prepay ex-
press charges, we to have the privilege of returning samples after
examination. In sending samples, explain fully your exclusive agency
proposition.

Name _____
Town _____ State _____

LARNED, CARTER & CO., Detroit

World's Greatest Overall Makers

FIVE FACTORIES—DETROIT—SAN FRANCISCO—ST. LOUIS
PORT HURON, MICH. — Canadian Factory, SARNIA, ONT.

REPUBLIC
SPECIAL \$ **895**
CHASSIS

Or With Express Body
As Illustrated, \$970



Bringing excess strength, more economy, more satisfaction to a thousand lines of trucking

THIS is Republic Special, full three-quarter ton, with Republic capacity for excess strain. It has a wheelbase of 128 inches, powerful Republic Motor, Republic Armored Radiator, Republic-Torbensen Internal Gear Drive, and solid, enduring truck material and workmanship that insure users a new standard of service in the truck field. It is the *simplest* truck possible to build. With its simplicity goes rugged, stand-up quality which means long life under the hardest knocks. There is a wide field for this truck among users who realize that truck work requires *original truck construction* from the ground up.

Republic Motor Truck Company, Inc., Alma, Michigan

See Your Nearest Republic Dealer

Dealers and Service Stations in over 1000 distributing centers

**Seven models,
¾-ton to 5-ton
at low prices**

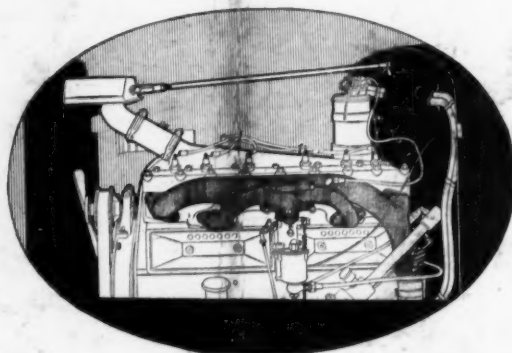
Republic Special chassis, \$895; Republic Dispatch for delivery purposes, \$895; 1-ton with bow top and stake or express body, \$1195; 1½-ton chassis, \$1450; 2-ton chassis, \$1885; 3½-ton Dreadnaught chassis, \$2750; 5-ton Thoroughbred chassis, \$4250. All prices f.o.b. factory. We furnish every type of body. Write for book on any model. Address Department AH.

REPUBLIC

INTERNAL GEAR DRIVE

TRUCKS





The Coming of a GREAT ENGINE

It Makes High Power Out of Low-Grade Gas

Men who drive cars are face to face with a condition that becomes more and more serious every day.

That condition is the constantly declining grade of gasoline.

Nearly every engineer has said goodbye forever to high-grade gas.

For the moment, and possibly for all time, multi-cylinders, counter-balanced crank shafts, and little tricks with valves give way in engineers' discussions to the "gas problem".

Every alert engineer is bending his utmost to make "one drop of gas now do the work of two."

Just as great situations produce great men, so out of this condition has come a great engine.

It is a Chalmers.

It makes high power out of low-grade gas.

Compared with other engines of the same size or thereabouts, it shows:

*More power More rapid acceleration
Greater economy Greater length of life
Greater smoothness*

And an amazing ability to start quickly on a cold day, and to "warm up" without delay.

The Chalmers engine is a simple one. That is one reason why it is so good.

In many engines of the moment the gas passes on its way from the carburetor to the cylinder through a tunnel, which runs all the way through the engine block.

Before the gas gets to the cylinder it is forced to turn many sharp angles and does not become completely mixed with the air.

This results in raw gas running into not only one but all the cylinders, particularly when the car is cold, and especially when running for the first five or ten miles.

In the case of the Chalmers engine this type of intake manifold has been completely eliminated.

A new manifold, termed "The Ram s-horn," has been constructed of simple piping. It is on the exterior of the engine. It is a manifold of easy curves so that there are no sharp corners for the raw gas to lodge against and be pushed into the cylinders.

The next development was to give the gas the proper amount of heat after it came from the carburetor.

What is termed a "hot plate" is built in at the top of the throat of the carburetor so that the gas coming straight up from the carburetor hits the "hot plate", the dimensions of which have been worked out very scientifically, and then passes around the easy curves of the smooth manifold in a perfect state of mixture and at the proper temperature to each of the cylinders.

The case of this Chalmers engine has been proved.

1. On August 1 and 2, Joe Dawson drove a Chalmers equipped with this same engine 1,898 miles in 24 hours—faster and farther than anyone ever before had traveled on land, sea or air.

If there's a flaw in pattern, or part, a solid day of bitter, brutal speed will find it.

2. There are over 1,000 Chalmers containing this engine now in use. They check up past all expectations.

Therefore, the Maxwell Motor Company, which has leased the Chalmers Motor Company, has put its O. K. on this engine, and accordingly on the Chalmers car.

90 per cent of any automobile is the engine; and no car can be a bit better than its engine.

So you are safe in writing your check for a Chalmers.

Maxwell E. Standus

Pres. & Gen'l Mgr. Chalmers Motor Car Company

TOURING CAR, 7-PASSENGER \$1450
TOURING CAR, 5-PASSENGER \$1350
STANDARD ROADSTER - - \$1350

TOURING SEDAN - - - \$1350
CABRIOLET, 3-PASSENGER \$1625
TOWN CAR, 7-PASSENGER \$2925

TOWN CAR, LANDAULET - \$3025
LIMOUSINE, 7-PASSENGER - \$2925
LIMOUSINE LANDAULET - \$3025

ALL PRICES F. O. B. DETROIT SUBJECT TO CHANGE WITHOUT NOTICE

CHALMERS MOTOR CAR COMPANY, DETROIT, MICHIGAN

Amid t
The pr
Ascend
Entrea
Fo